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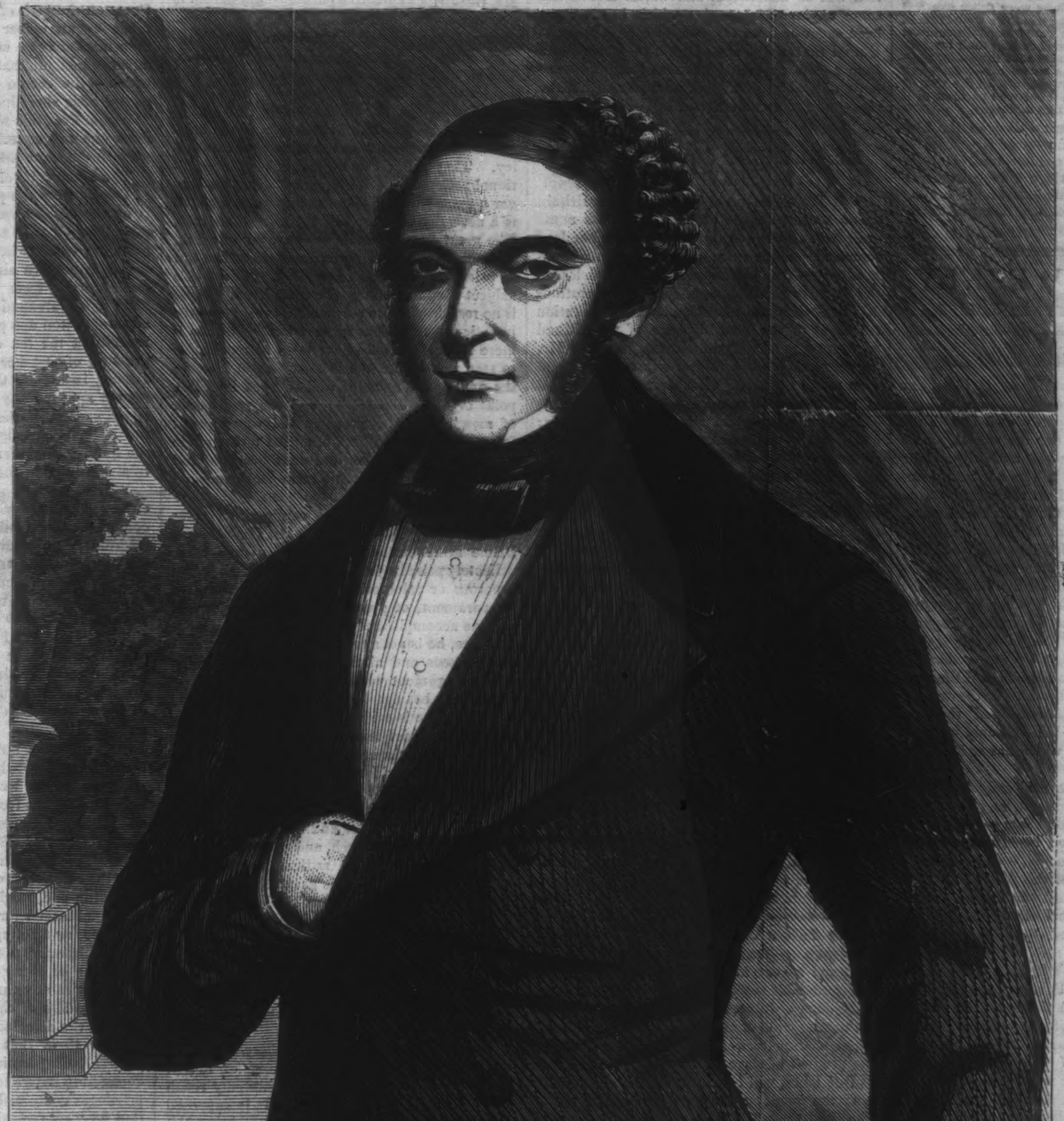
## BARON JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD.

The late head of the house of Rothschild has fallen. The original founder of the house was Meyer Anselm Rothschild, who was born at Frankfort-on-the-Maine in 1743, and who died there in 1821. He was a money-changer and exchange broker in easy circumstances. In the first campaign of the French Revolution General Custine, at the head of the Republican Army, took Frankfort, and the Senate, in order to save the town from pillage, agreed to pay a heavy ransom. To meet the emergency Meyer Anselm Rothschild obtained a loan from his friend the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel. This was the beginning of a series of transactions which was continued through the war; and in this connection the house of Rothschild acquired its first standing in the financial affairs of Europe. This landgrave, William IX., was one of those German despots who sold troops to England during the American Revolution and afterward during the wars of the French Revolution. He accumulated immense sums of money, but his tricky politics excited the indignation of Napoleon. After the battle of Jena Napoleon decreed the forfeiture of the States of Brunswick and Hesse-Cassel, and the French army was put in march to enforce the decree. The landgrave was forced to fly; but he had in his vaults twelve millions of florins (about a million pounds sterling) in silver. To save this vast amount of money from the French was a difficult matter, as it could not be carried away and the landgrave had no confidence in his subjects. He sent for M. A. Rothschild and entreated him to take charge of the treasure, giving him the use of the money without interest. By the assistance of some friends, Jewish bankers at Cassel, the money was carefully stowed away; those who desire to give a touch of romance to the story say that it was hidden in Rothschild's garden. But, however it may have been secreted, it was the stepping-stone to the immense fortunes of the house of Rothschild. Meyer Anselm at this time had five sons, three of whom—Anselm, Nathan, and Solomon—were of age; Anselm was sent to Frankfort, while Nathan was established in England, first in Manchester and subsequently in London, and Solomon became the traveling agent of the house, visiting the various courts and princes of Germany who needed loans. By enterprise and industry the original capital of this financial establishment rapidly increased and multiplied. Thus in 1813 the Rothschilds were appointed agents for the payment by England of twelve millions sterling to Russia, Austria, and Prussia—an operation by which they profited to a large amount. After the victory of Leipsic, in the same year, when the allied sovereigns were pursuing Napoleon, and had reached the banks of the Rhine at Frankfort, it was found that the treasury of Austria was empty, and as it was impossible to obtain a loan from the merchant princes of Frankfort, the Prince of Metternich was obliged to stoop to the disagreeable necessity of borrowing from Rothschild, a Jew. The promptness and the grace with which the request was granted was not forgotten. M. A. Rothschild was created a baron of the Austrian empire; his son Nathan was appointed Austrian Consul-General in Great Britain, and the whole weight of Austrian influence was devoted to extend and secure the financial operations of the house of Rothschild.



THE LATE BARON JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD.

The Hessian landgrave's money was retained at the paltry interest of two per cent. until his death in 1823. M. A. Rothschild died in 1821, at which time his five sons were at the head of five immense establishments, at Frankfort, London, Paris, Vienna, and Naples. Between the brothers there was a copartnership and the most perfect unanimity. The foresight and enterprise of the house, together with this cooperation, made it almost despotic in the financial affairs of Europe. Such was its influence that it frequently decided the issues of peace and war. In 1830 Anselm Rothschild, at Frankfort, was bold enough to declare: "The house of Austria desires war, but the house of Rothschild requires peace." Again, in 1840, when war was on the point of breaking out between the Porte and Mehemet Ali, the Rothschilds preserved the peace of Europe by arguments more potent than could be urged by the most eminent statesmen.

James Rothschild, the subject of our sketch, was the last surviving brother of the original house, and now that he is dead the third generation of Rothschilds conduct the business. James opened a banking-house in Paris in 1815. He had no taste for political life; to be the central figure of the most powerful commercial house that ever existed satisfied his ambition. He loved to dispense a munificent hospitality at his sumptuous hotel in the Rue Lafitte. It was here that, in 1859, Gustave, his youngest son, was united in marriage with the daughter of Joel Anspach, a judge of the

*Cour Imperiale*—the only Jew on the Paris bench. On the day of the marriage James presented his daughter-in-law with a small pocket-book covered with crimson velvet and containing *rente* scrip to the amount of 50,000 francs—that was the bride's pin-money. The banquet which followed the wedding was thus described by one of the "Jenkinses" of that day:

> A letter from Paris states that at the banquet given after the late Rothschild marriage the magnificence was beyond all description, and it would appear that splendors vying with those recounted in the "Arabian Nights" were lavished upon an entertainment to which nobody but the family, some sixty or seventy Rothschilds, was admitted. The entire changes of the more than threescore guests were made in silver and silver gilt; plates, dishes, every thing was of the precious metals, as at royal tables; only at dessert was perceived the priceless service of old Sèvres, belonging to the Paris paterfamilias, and whereof each plate represents somewhere about a king's ransom. As to the viands on the table, they came from every country and every clime; there were swallows' nests from China, sterlets (a fish of excessive price in Russia, of the size of a salmon, and of fat, orange-colored flesh) from Russia, reed birds and canvas-backs from America, bustards from Spain, pheasants from Bohemia, entrés of peacocks' brains, fillets of buffalo-hump, and one of my lady informants declares—salmis of Brazilian parrots! Every salt or fresh water had yielded up its fish; every moor, marsh, and forest its fowl; every hot-bed, heated by fire or the sun, its fruit; and every grape that ever hung any where, its wine. As to the flowers with which the table and the dining-room were ornamented, it is affirmed that there were £1500 worth (I mean £1500 English). All the windows were covered with trellis-work, over which were framed the choicest creeping plants of the tropics, shedding their luscious perfumes around. It is affirmed that the ladies present wore upon their persons between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000 francs worth of jewels; and in the way of doing honor to the banquet, those who partook of it sat at table from half past six to midnight.

Baron James Rothschild died on the 15th of November, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. According to the ancient resolve of the family—that of intermarriage among its members—he married the daughter of his brother Solomon. His son Edmund inherits his father's immense fortune.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 5, 1868.

## THE DICTATOR LOPEZ.

THE recent conduct of Lopez in Paraguay will probably undeceive those who have had some degree of sympathy with him in the war with the Allies. When the war began we stated the facts upon the best authority. The "republic" of Paraguay is the most ferocious despotism. Lopez received the country from his father, as he in turn from Dr. Francia, as his property to manage at his pleasure. The people are wholly submitted to his will. He has sought to exclude all foreigners, and has peremptorily monopolized all the trade of the state. There is no Turkish pacha so absolute in his secluded province as Lopez in Paraguay. Freedom of every kind is absolutely suppressed, and it was not a misfortune for civilization when his aggressions upon Brazil and the constant menace of such a tyranny to the smaller neighbors of Paraguay occasioned the war which, it is to be hoped, will end only with the overthrow of the system which has so long prevailed.

The United States have already had occasion to call Lopez to account, and his recent conduct will, of course, lead to a stricter settlement. The story related by Mr. Washburn, our late Minister in Paraguay, is extraordinary. When the movements of the Allies compelled Lopez to withdraw from Asuncion, his capital, a crowd of foreigners flocked to the American Legation to be protected from the mob, from the Allies, and from the spies and agents of the tyrant. Mr. Washburn's Legation was United States territory. The Portuguese Consul invoked its protection with the rest. Lopez demanded the dismissal of every body who did not belong to the Legation. Mr. Washburn informed the refugees of the demand, and told them he would deliver nobody who was not accused of specific crime. But the refugees seem to have thought that, if they were to be surrendered to a mere accusation of crime, they might as well go at once. They did so, and the English laborers disappeared within a week, while the Portuguese Consul was arrested upon reaching the street, and is understood to have been soon afterward shot. The fate of the others can only be imagined. But the mercies of tyrants are always the same.

When the sanctity of his Legation had been thus violated Mr. Washburn thought that he also might as well leave. But before he was quite prepared to do so another demand was made by Lopez, that he should surrender two members of the Legation. "At this point I made a stand," says Mr. Washburn, with an absurd air of dignity and firmness. And he issues from his Legation, with the two gentlemen whom Lopez had demanded, to embark upon the United States war-steamer *Wasp*, and upon the way they are taken from his side by the agents of Lopez, and Mr. Washburn sails away to tell the tale.

Probably no recent incident has so astonished the people of this country. Why did not Mr. Washburn reply to the first demand of Lopez that his Legation was American territory, and that it would be invaded at the peril of the aggressor? Then, if Lopez had not hesitated to seize his victims, why did not the United States Minister remain until he had communicated with his Government, or until his successor had arrived? Against the force of Lopez he alone could of course have done nothing; but his protesting presence was necessary until his Government could act; and he must have known how prompt and vigorous its action would be. He says that he left because he was powerless and could be of service to no one. But he should remember, as his country will not forget, that he voluntarily withdrew from his post when two of his countrymen had been seized and were lying in the dungeons of Lopez. His continued presence might not have released them; but it would have been an assurance to them and to the tyrant that they were not forgotten, and would doubtless have eased their condition. We know of no foreign Minister of the United States who has ever had a more serious account to settle with his countrymen than Mr. Washburn.

Meanwhile it is understood, and we trust correctly, that General M'Mahon, the successor of Mr. Washburn, will receive very distinct instructions from the Government, and that he will proceed to Paraguay with the fleet of Rear-Admiral Davis. The most absolute satisfaction will be demanded, and unless Lopez has some explanation to give which has not yet been suggested, we suppose, of course, that the United States will not hesitate to remove him from a power which he has so long and wantonly abused until at last he has assailed the rights of American citizens.

## Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON UPON SLAVERY.

The Freedmen's Aid Union in Great Britain was a society for the purpose which its name indicates, and it has contributed one hundred thousand pounds in money, and twenty thousand pounds in clothing and other articles, to the relief of the freedmen. As the operations of the Society are about ending, a deputation called upon the new Minister of the United States and presented an address, to which Mr. Johnson returned a formal written reply, and then made a speech. It suggests a great deal of reflection—it is very open to criticism as plain talk when plain talk is easy and safe; but it is, nevertheless, a frank and striking statement of the case.

Mr. Johnson began by a vigorous declaration of the utter crime and blunder of slavery. "It has no foundation in morals: it has no foundation in Christianity. It robs men of that for which alone it is excellent and worthy to live." But it became, by means of the cotton-gin, the source of the prosperity of the planters. Fearing its gradual ultimate extinction when Mr. Lincoln was elected, "they raised their arms against the authority of the Government for the purpose of perpetuating the institution of slavery." The determination to perpetuate slavery destroyed it, although, in a government based upon the principles of the Declaration of Independence, it was sure to disappear. Mr. Johnson proceeded to extol Wilberforce. Then he referred to his own experience among the colored race, and said that they were just as capable of education as white people. He laughed at the idea that they were of a different race in any important sense. "As well might we say that a black horse or a black sheep do not belong to the same class of horses or of sheep as to indulge in any such idea." He praised General Howard most warmly. Great as his services in the war were, in which he lost an arm, they were trifling compared with those he has rendered as the head of the Freedmen's Bureau; and his praise is upon "the lips of every intelligent, disinterested, and liberty-loving man within the wide domain of the United States." Then looking forward, the Minister said that the product of slave labor, compared with that of free labor, will be as a mole-hill to a mountain: the freedman knows what is expected of him, and that it is his duty not to disappoint that expectation.

It is humiliating that such a speech, so obvious, so true, and so merely elementally true, spoken by the Minister of the United States in England, should be a sign of the vast progress which this country has made. The fact only shows how absolutely this country was ruled by the slave system and its great lords, the planters. At length, and for the first time in our history, an American Minister can refer without wincing to the Declaration of Independence. As for Mr. Johnson himself it is impossible not to remember that he grew up and passed his public life under the shadow of slavery; and that if he then thought, as of course he did, that it was a crime and a blunder, his open expression of such an opinion would have been of incalculable service to liberty. The time for a statesman to help a reform is when he sees the enormity of the abuse. Slavery can harm Mr. Johnson no more, and he denounces slavery. If he were a proselyte, if he had just come to the perception of the crime, it would not be fair to recall his silence and passivity. But the evil grew to its overwhelming power, and could be removed only by such terrible sacrifice, because men like Mr. Johnson and other leading public men persisted in opposing the agitation which might have led to a less costly remedy. As Mr. Bright said in his late Edinburgh speech, the agreement upon the Corn-Law question in England came too late; "and the misfortunes which had been, perhaps, foretold, or which were inevitable, happened, and it was only after the fact that we were able to agree as to what ought to have been done." Let us hope that the public men of the day at least will learn something from the tremendous experience of the country, and not consider it the height of wisdom to suffer every evil to grow into a power strong enough to challenge the whole force of the Government.

Mr. Johnson carefully avoids speaking of the suffrage of the freedmen. But that has spoken, and will still speak, of itself. The Minister has heard of the election of General Grant, and he accepts the situation without committing himself. He perceives at last that the heart of his countrymen is set upon equal rights as the stable foundation of a prosperous and peaceful commonwealth.

## ABROAD AND AT HOME.

The elections in England, like those in this country, have been carried by the Liberals. In Mr. Bright's expressive phrase, "the nation is now in power;" and the aristocracy having abdicated by the passage of the Reform bill, the responsibility of progress rests now with the people. The election in England was even more that of a ruler than in the United States. In the success that brings the Liberal party into power carries its leader, Mr. Gladstone, to the head of the Government, with the initiation of its policy. That policy can no longer be the traditional policy of the Whig party. It is no longer a mere game of place among patricians; it is a necessity of the relief of those who suffer. The great non-landholding class, for instance, will now support and vote for itself. The law of primogeniture will be revised. The whole subject of education must be considered. There is no resting-place in political progress; and the impatience that denounces fresh agitation is mere folly. It would have been as reasonable to stop just before the last step as just before the next. Every point well-reached is only a point of fresh departure; and the real leader of men is he who prepares the way onward from the present situation, as the forest guide pushes into the thicket and underbrush to find the path while the rest lie comfortably around the camp-fire.

A party, however liberal, coming into power is proverbially Conservative. Mr. Gladstone, Prime Minister that shall be, is a man of so delicately poised a judgment that he seems often timorous or reluctant. Of the most sensitive temperament, of great capacity, of ample and various accomplishment, of long and active experience, he is yet a man of so much conscience that he sees and allows the weight of the opposing argument while his nervous irritability sometimes betrays him into rash words and acts. But he is evidently a statesman who has learned the chief lesson of a statesman, to be guided by experience. He does not insist upon wresting the world to his own theory, but he also is willing to be convinced. So the High Church Tory of thirty years ago is to-day the chief Liberal leader, demanding the disfranchisement of the Irish Church, and preaching a gospel of the suffrage more radical than had been known in England. This great change in Mr. Gladstone has never thrown the least suspicion upon his character. Nobody supposes that he has become a Liberal for the sake of office. His change of opinion is honored as much as that of Sir Robert Peel from protection to free trade, and, as in Sir Robert's case, it is the kind of change that commends him more closely to public confidence.

But if upon assuming office there should be any supposed disposition to falter or forget, there will be enough who will pointedly recall the new Ministry to its duty. It is supposed that Mr. Gladstone's promotion will bring Mr. Bright also into office. But, as if to show that he means not to pause, but to throw his javelin still farther forward, Mr. Bright, in his speech at Edinburgh just before the election, spoke of the country as standing upon the threshold of a new career, and mentioned three or four reforms which seemed to him now properly in order.

What is true in England is no less so here. The election of General Grant settles, in general, the policy of reconstruction. The next step is to correct it in detail where it has failed to accomplish its purpose, and to proceed to such other changes as experience has shown to be essential. The cry to return to the old state of things is as comical as a wish to go back to the ark after the deluge had subsided. It was the old state of things that plunged us into the war. What we need is a new state of things; a large and liberal interpretation of the Constitution; a reasonable view of State rights; emancipation from the fear of dangers which, in our situation, are necessarily imaginary; a profound faith that morality is essential to great public policy, and proved intelligence to skillful and economical public service; and a careful independence of party-spirit, which will enable us to see that, while in a free government we must work with parties, yet even our own party may make mistakes, and honor those who are not truly honorable.

## REMEDY FOR THE STRINGENCY IN WALL STREET.

Whether the "let up" which occurred some days after the promulgation of a statement that the Secretary of the Treasury had promised relief, was due in part to any actual interference of the Secretary or Controller of the Treasury, or chiefly to the voluntary action of the parties to the "lock up," after their objects had been accomplished, is not precisely known; but it is certain that the stringency is now over.

On the 17th of November the Bank of the Commonwealth distributed ten millions five hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars to the other banks, on checks held by the latter, which was accepted as proof that the speculators for a fall of Erie and other stocks, who had locked up greenbacks, had adopted the opposite policy. This sum was probably required in payment for Erie stock—repurchased after it had been used to depress the market—as 200,000 shares at 54 would amount to $10,800,000. The extraordinary order authorizing the Receiver of Funds of the Company to purchase 200,000 shares, was issued by the Supreme Court on the 18th of November, on an affidavit made by an officer of the Company that its then market value was 54. From this price it advanced on the 20th to 62, immediately after which—the corner having culminated and a conspicuous short having settled—it fell to 43. The gain from this settlement alone is stated at from one to two millions of dollars. Others were in the same dilemma.

The amount involved in the lock up, obtained largely from the proceeds of new Erie stock, is estimated at from fifteen to twenty millions of dollars—a sum sufficiently large to accomplish the object when it is borne in mind that it was withdrawn simultaneously with the annual transfer from the East to the West of large sums intended to facilitate the transportation of cotton and grain to the sea-board. On examining the list of debits and credits from the 19th of October to the 17th November inclusive, issued by the Clearing-House, it will readily appear what banks in this city were selected as depositaries in these efforts to convert the ordinary derangement which accompanies the annual movement of crops into one of extreme damage to the whole Union.

We trust that one of the first steps of the ensuing Congress will be the appointment of a committee to investigate in New York this extraordinary proceeding, with a view to the full disclosure of the transaction and the punishment of any such conspiracy now or hereafter. It appears that no relief can be obtained here. Indeed, it is much more likely that integrity will be considered a crime by the "unjust judges" who have secured exemption from punishment and durability in power by the result of the election in this State, accomplished by means which commend fraud to shelter and adoption.

Although the stringency is over it is expedient to consider what features there are in the structure of the New York and Erie Railroad which permit the frequent repetition of immense and disgraceful operations. The General Railroad Act, passed after the Erie had been incorporated, provided in subdivision 9 of Section 28 that the companies organized under it, the Erie not being one, might confer on any holder of any bond issued for money borrowed and necessary for completing and finishing or operating their railroad, "the right to convert the principal due or owing thereon into stock of said Company at any time not exceeding ten years from the date of the bond under such regulations as the directors may see fit to adopt." By Section 49 of that Act all the then existing Railroad Corporations within this State were declared to have and possess all the powers and privileges contained in that subdivision of Section 28 "*not inconsistent with the provisions of their charter.*"

In considering whether or not this power might be exercised by those railroad corporations established in advance of the passage of the General Act, it has always been supposed, when the amount of capital had been declared in any act of incorporation, that it was inconsistent with it to enlarge the amount, but the Erie Railroad, which for many years regarded its capital as fixed by positive legislation, and as being incapable of enlargement without direct legislative authority, has been accustomed since its management has been conducted with a view to speculation to use the legislative franchise of authorizing the creation of new stock at its pleasure without publication or requiring a public sale.

It is well known that this incorporation is stronger at Albany than the Legislature, and, therefore, that no legislative means have been adopted to prevent the sacrifice of this great interest to private cupidity. The wrong of authorizing new and frequent issues of such stock is aggravated by the fact that each issue has been supposed to have been secretly made to aid in cornering operations, having in view, in the first place, the depression of its market value. By reason of the last issues and the lock up the stock fell from above 80 to 35 per cent. On a change of operations it advanced to 62, and the object accomplished it fell instanfly to 43. You shall know, said one of the judges appointed prior to the constitution of 1846, addressing a criminal then before him, that if justice is slow in her steps she has at least a firm grasp. If the Bench were thus constituted, or if legislation in this State were pure, these glaring offenses which astonish every civilized community would meet with certain and sufficient punishment.

It can not be doubted that Mr. Griswold owes his defeat, in the late election for Governor, to his determination that the government of the State should be restored to its true basis. The numerous frauds that are to be uncovered and corrected whenever the State shall be in proper hands will secure the defeat of such a candidate until the people shall be fully informed of the immense danger of allowing the most important servants of the public to owe their whole power to the worst influences.

The country now looks with hope and confidence to the great chieftain who has been elected President to aid in giving the requisite protection and safety. What we most need is the certainty that every honest citizen who goes to the polls in any, even the worst district, whether it be to vote or to oppose improper votes, shall be esteemed a public sentinel behind whom stands the whole public force to protect him in this duty. Until this is thoroughly accomplished and known government will be used for violating the fundamental principles for which it was organized.

If the Congressional inquiry we have suggested shall be set on foot—the Committee to meet in this city with power to send for persons and papers—it will be made to appear whether, and in what manner, the banking organizations of the Union are wielded to depress the value of private property, and at the same time embarrass the Treasury. It will embrace examination into the recent gigantic and startling operations of this road, so far as they have a bearing on the lock up, and enable the great interests whose industry has been seriously affected by means of it—the farming, manufacturing, and commercial interests, for all have been equally and seriously damaged—to apply the corrective. *It is to have honest servants in every important position.*

## THE STREET AND THE BENCH.

The recent, and indeed the constant transactions in Wall Street, have more than a merely economical aspect. It is a consideration which affects the public character and welfare that the typical spot of immorality in the city of New York is no longer the Five Points but is coming to be Wall Street; and that the most noted people in the city, and by many the most envied and admired, are not indeed the gentlemen in very new hats, and very bright neck-scarfs, and very large diamonds, who loiter at certain street corners, but men of the same profession who pursue their gambling not in "hells," more or less gaudily furnished, but in offices down town. The daily transactions of persons who are socially recognized by respectable and honorable men are openly and at length described as swindling—and nobody even stares at the word. It is perfectly well known that nine-tenths of the offenses for which criminals are daily sent to the Tombs and to Sing Sing are not comparable in moral guilt to the operations of "great financiers," but apparently nobody is troubled; the story is a racy bit of gossip; it is diamond cut diamond and the Kilkenny cats.

If this were, indeed, all it would be very foolish to lose time in attending to the matter. But meanwhile the courts of law join the jolly round. The Bench, which is the last official resource of modern civilized society, takes a hand in the pool. Judges are retained by criminals. Decisions are sold at auction. Then the Bar gives a dinner to one of its leaders—a man of proved ability and spotless character—and when he says that the memory of the unjust judge is cursed, there is such tremendous applause that the delighted reader instantly looks through the list of guests to see who the company is composed of; and some names, taken with the applause, will remind the reader of what Carlyle tells us of a hypocrisy so profound that it was seriously hurt when it was accused of being hypocritical. But it is time to ask seriously whether it is only a jest when notorious venality sits in the ermine and assumes to discharge the functions of a magistrate? Does the reflective student see any thing essentially different between Jeffries upon the bench doing the will of a ruthless king and court at Whitehall and another judge doing the will of a great operator and his clique in Wall Street? Is any man safe when the courts are bought for private purposes? Was there ever a city in Christendom in which courts were so corrupt as some in the city of New York?

We may say that if the Wall Street gambling were merely diamond cut diamond no man need lose time in thinking of it. But can deliberate swindling be recognized as reputable business and society remain secure? If any body denies that it is recognized as reputable, we reply that the notorious stock-gamblers are not sent to Coventry. They are not treated as swindlers. When exposed, honorable men do not refuse to have further dealings with them. They gain or lose reputation for shrewdness, but their dishonesty is merely laughed at. Why isn't the dishonesty of a forger laughed at? Why is an embezzler sent to Sing Sing? Why doesn't Wall Street give its hand to a pickpocket? And will it pretend that there is any moral difference between a pickpocket and men whom it daily receives? We insist, therefore, that these persons whom the public journals openly denounce as swindlers, without protest or contradiction, are recognized as reputable when they are not treated as other swindlers are.

Does any body seriously suppose that dishonesty can be honored, and the community not suffer? Are all the moral sentiments chimeras, and the moral safeguards of society absurd? Is any man willing to educate his children for a contest with sharpers? Can any rational man read such an article as that upon the Judiciary of the City of New York in the *North American Review* for July, 1867, or that in the *Law Review* of a month or two since upon the "Erie Row," or the pamphlet, published by Putnam, upon the Wood leases, and not feel that there is an immense public peril in this state of things; and that the worst sign of the condition of any community is the apathy with which it regards such dishonesty and judicial corruption as are revealed in the late Erie operations in Wall Street?

## THE ELECTION FRAUDS.

The you're-another argument only convicts those who use it. It is no reply to the charge of frauds in the elections to say that somebody else cheated. The allegation of fraudulent naturalization papers, of repeating, of false registry, is made, and somebody who feels accused shouts that Mr. Beecher had better ascertain how much money Senator Morgan spent in the election. But it is not a party question, and whoever tries to make it so confesses judgment. It is simply stupid in any body to deny that there were monstrous frauds, because they are universally known. The business of all good citizens is to expose them, and to bring the offenders to the judgment of the courts and of public opinion. One paper ludicrously asserts that the journals which have charged fraud at the polls in New York have "villainously belied the city in which they live, move, and have their being, and who have so befouled their own nest......Why do these papers seek to bring discredit upon the city in which they are trying to earn thir own bread and butter?" To speak of the Brooklyn Ferry disaster is also to discredit the city, probably, and to hint that the city of New York is not a little heaven below is to foul your own nest. Those who do not see that the inevitable tendency of such frauds is to destroy all respect for the ballot-box have yet to learn the simplest conditions of a popular government.

## LOUISIANA.

The State Republican Committee of Louisiana for the campaign have published an address plainly stating the facts of the late election. It was evident from the April election that the State was Republican, and that the body of the new voters were upon that side. The Democratic party, therefore, resolved to carry the State by any means, under the encouragement of Blair's letter and the instructions of Wade Hampton and the other Southern leaders. It had large means, and a semi-military organization counting eighteen thousand armed and drilled men in the city of New Orleans alone; and it had also the countenance and sympathy of Generals Rousseau and Buchanan. Before election-day it was evident that the aggressive portion of the Democratic party had resolved that if the colored men would not vote for Seymour and Blair they should not vote at all, and that an attempt to cast the whole Republican vote would end in rioting and massacre. The Republicans, therefore, resolved to vote where they could peaceably, and to abstain where the effort would end in violence and murder.

The result was that in the peaceful parishes, where employers especially needed the work of colored men, the full Republican vote was thrown. In Concordia parish, where there were 1644 Republicans registered, 1554 Republicans voted; in St. James's parish of 2389 registered Republicans, 2161 voted; in Iberville parish, where 2150 Republicans registered, 2086 voted. In the city of New Orleans, on the other hand, where there were 18,000 colored citizens registered, only about 100 voted, and although besides these there were 3000 registered white Republicans, the whole Republican vote of the city was but 276. In the parish of St. Landry, where more than two hundred negroes were killed in October, out of a Republican registration of more than 2000 not one Republican vote was cast. In three other parishes, with a similar registration in each, there was one Republican vote.

This intimidation at the polls was the work of the party which has sacked Republican churches, school-houses, club-rooms, and residences; which has dispersed Republican meetings, exiled and murdered prominent Republicans, and established a reign of terror which has paralyzed the State, and brought it to the verge of anarchy. We trust that the Governor of Louisiana will make such representations to Congress that the electoral vote of the State will not be counted until after the most careful and thorough investigation, and that Congress will take care that hereafter, in the States where similar violence may fairly be expected at elections without assistance from the authorities, such provision be made that the poorest and most friendless citizen may be as secure in voting as the richest and most influential.

## HAPPIER AND HAPPIER.

Mr. Reverdy Johnson, of whose speech to the Freedmen's Aid Union we elsewhere speak as an illustration of belated wisdom, has written a note to some steamship agents in England, denying the statements of the New York correspondent of the London *Daily News* in regard to the state of society in Texas. Mr. Johnson says that it was his business as a Senator to know the truth, and the truth is, that there is no more violence in Texas than in any other State of the Union—Vermont, for instance, or Iowa.

Why will Mr. Johnson persist in these performances? The condition of Texas might be inferred from the fact that it was a border slave State, always somewhat lawless, and recently involved in a long and sanguinary civil war which emancipated the slaves. That of itself would lead any sensible man to expect a very disorganized and perilous state of society. Mr. Johnson would do no violence to ordinary experience if he suggested that abnormal disturbance in Texas was highly probable. But it is not a subject which is left to inferences and speculations. The statistical accounts from Texas, the public and private reports, reveal the exact situation, and it amply justifies all that the correspondent of the *News* has stated.

Mr. Johnson writes this letter from a vigorous resolution that every thing in this country shall appear as serene as the mind of Mr. Tilden in contemplating the chances of Mr. Seymour's election. "Trouble in my happy land," says the United States Minister, "disorder upon the Mexican frontier among the most desperate of the chivalry! Why, nothing is so delightful as that very part of my country. It is, in fact, the Happy Valley described in the charming romance of 'Rasselas,' written by that great Englishman who was of opinion that taxation without representation is no tyranny, and who both wrote and spoke in a truly remarkable manner that language of Shakespeare, and of Milton, and of the blessed translation of the Holy Scriptures, which bind the Englishman to the American, my dear friend Mr. Laird and my dear friend Mr. Sumner, in the most indissoluble bonds of love and friendship."

A week after he had commended Texas to all inquiring immigrants as the most tranquil and inviting of civilized lands, the excellent Mr. Johnson, heroically bent upon pleasing and being pleased, received the deputation of the Freedmen's friends, and made them a speech as bland and blissful as his letter to the Texas agents. At the close of his remarks Mr. Johnson said with warmth, and doubtless with the gushing fervor of truth: "I can assure you that during my residence among you I have been happy from the first; I am getting yet happier every day, and was never more happy than now." Who doubts it? The good man is all smiles and sweetness. But while at innumerable banquets he alludes to our immortal language, and assures Messrs. Laird and Wharncliffe and Roebuck that John Bull is the very apple of the American eye—how about the *Alabama*?

## THE PERIL OF THE HOUR.

The enormous frauds at the election must not be forgotten now that the election is passed, and with such a triumphant result for the policy of justice and peace. That is very gratifying, but the frauds are the worst peril that could threaten us. If the State of New York is to be governed by such means, the whole country will presently be governed by the same, and the whole system of popular government will be overthrown. It is not, therefore, the question of a party, nor of an election, nor of a city, but of the highest welfare of the whole country and of all citizens.

Indeed the feeling is so profound, and the sense of outrage in this State so serious, that Congress can not avoid entering upon the whole subject, and revising the naturalization laws throughout. Against repeating and colonization there are guards which experience has suggested, and which may be constantly improved; but the cheats of naturalization are more elusive, and require still stricter scrutiny. The power should be taken from suspected courts at least, and there are courts in New York which are suspected. It should be taken from the State courts altogether, and it should not be possible for a man to vote immediately upon completing his term. Knavery, of course, will elude any law and baffle the shrewdest rules. But something can be done to correct this and all other evils.

We say that some of the courts of New York are suspected. If there be any judge more tainted with suspicion, or who is notoriously and flagrantly active in these schemes of polluting the ballot-box, let him be impeached by the Legislature of the State. The Republican party remains in power in the State, as well as in the country. Its responsibility is great, but so is its power, and so should be its purpose. The danger that threatens us is no longer rebellion—it is corruption of every kind, and at every point. It is not a peril which appeals to the heroic sentiments, but it is a thousand-fold more deadly than open rebellion is ever likely to be. It does not batter the walls; it crumbles the foundation. Every man who winks at fraud, encourages the assassin who would slay us. If we are indifferent or negligent, if we suffer the crimes of this character committed this year to pass with a little puff of indignation, they will return every year with seven devils worse than themselves.

## LITERARY.

"The Life of George Stephenson, and of his son Robert Stephenson," by Samuel Smiles, just issued in a handsome volume by the Harpers, is not only a very interesting biography of the two noted engineers, but is a valuable history of the railway syrtem, its rise and development. There are few books lately published which convey so much substantial information in so attractive a form.

"About Woman, Love, and Marriage," by F. Saunders, author of "Salad for the Solitary," etc., published by E. W. Carleton & Co., is a collection of the sweet and gracious things that have been said upon the delightful subjects named, connected by a thread of dainty and pleasant suggestion, in which humorous anecdote and happy incident are skillfully woven. It is a bouquet of the flowers of various reading, and will be sure to charm a host of genial and tender hearts.

"The Woman's Kingdom" is Miss Muloch's (or Mrs. Craik's) last novel, just published by the Harpers. It will undoubtedly dispute the palm with "John Halifax" as her best work. It is a love tale of absorbing interest.

"Passages from the American Note Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne" (Fields, Osgood, & Co.) is a book of extraordinary interest. No man was so reticent to other men, or so lavish of intimate confidence upon paper, as Hawthorne. No diary certainly was ever so free from selfish egotism. It is so simple a transcript of original emotion and impression that it is Homeric. Its merits are remarkable in many ways; and its purely literary value and significance are very great. Yet no book required such careful editing, and in one or two instances we fear it may occasion personal pain, from the infliction of which Hawthorne would have recoiled.

"Sol. Smith's Theatrical Management." The Harpers publish this autobiography of "a retired actor" whose name is very familiar, especially in the West and South. It is a series of characteristic anecdotes and sketches of life for the last thirty years in those parts of the country as seen by a man whose chief interest was the theatre. There are interesting and characteristic details of Macready, the Keans, Fanny Ellsler, and the famous stars that have shone during that period. The whole is made interesting by that tone of simplicity which so often distinguishes gentlemen of the profession, and which wins a kindly regard even from those who do not frequent the theatre.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

New York State pays more attention to her public schools than the New England States generally. The percentage of children in these schools is over 67, while in Maine it is 44, in Vermont 50, in Connecticut 47, and in Rhode Island 41.

A land-slide occurred near Westbrook, Maine, November 22, covering about forty acres of land. It completely filled up the channel of the Presumpscot River.

The Lunatic Asylum at Columbus was destroyed by fire Nov. 19. Six of the patients were burned to death.

On the evening of November 17 a complimentary dinner was given by the bar of New York to Mr. Evarts, the Attorney-General, at the Astor House. Among those present were the President elect, General Grant, Admiral Farragut, and many distinguished statesmen and politicians.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The elections in England have resulted in a grand triumph for the Liberal party. The majority of this party in the next Parliament is estimated by the London *Times* to be 142. The election was a very exciting one, and was attended by a series of riots in Ireland and England.

Lord Stanley consents to the arrangement stipulating that the *Alabama* claims commission shall sit in Washington.

The Chinese embassy was courteously received by Queen Victoria November 20.

The English statisticians tell us that during last year there were 2513 vessels wrecked on the British coast, and that 1333 lives were lost with the vessels. In one month, December, 326 men went down. Out of the total number of vessels lost last year, 1551 were engaged in the coasting trade. It is stated by the same authority that upward of five hundred vessels were known to have been lost from absolute unseaworthiness. The National Life-boat Institution was the means of saving 1086 lives during the year.

The eruption of Vesuvius is increasing in violence, and threatens the town of San Giorgio.

Captain-General Lersundi has an army of about 12,000 disciplined men, and against this force, properly managed, it seems impossible that the Cuban insurrection will make farther headway. The manifesto of the Madrid Government, proclaiming liberal reforms, it is expected will do much toward restoring quiet in the island.

Domingo F. Sarmiento was inaugurated as President of the Argentine Confederation on the 12th of October.

*Cour Imperiale*—the only Jew on the Paris bench. On the day of the marriage JAMES presented his daughter-in-law with a small pocket-book covered with crimson velvet and containing *rente* scrip to the amount of 50,000 francs—that was the bride's pin-money. The banquet which followed the wedding was thus described by one of the "Jenkinses" of that day:

> A letter from Paris states that at the banquet given after the late ROTHSCHILD marriage the magnificence was beyond all description, and it would appear that splendors vying with those recounted in the "Arabian Nights" were lavished upon an entertainment to which nobody but the family, some sixty or seventy ROTHSCHILDS, was admitted. The entire changes of the more than threescore guests were made in silver and silver gilt; plates, dishes, every thing was of the precious metals, as at royal tables; only at dessert was perceived the priceless service of old Sèvres, belonging to the Paris paterfamilias, and whereof each plate represents somewhere about a king's ransom. As to the viands on the table, they came from every country and every clime; there were swallows' nests from China, sterlets (a fish of excessive price in Russia, of the size of a salmon, and of fat, orange-colored flesh) from Russia, reed birds and canvas-backs from America, bustards from Spain, pheasants from Bohemia, entrés of peacocks' brains, fillets of buffalo-hump, and one of my lady informants declares—salmis of Brazilian parrots! Every salt or fresh water had yielded up its fish; every moor, marsh, and forest its fowl; every hot-bed, heated by fire or the sun, its fruit; and every grape that ever hung any where, its wine. As to the flowers with which the table and the dining-room were ornamented, it is affirmed that there were £1500 worth (I mean £1500 English). All the windows were covered with trellis-work, over which were framed the choicest creeping plants of the tropics, shedding their luscious perfumes around. It is affirmed that the ladies present wore upon their persons between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000 francs worth of jewels; and in the way of doing honor to the banquet, those who partook of it sat at table from half past six to midnight.

Baron JAMES ROTHSCHILD died on the 15th of November, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. According to the ancient resolve of the family—that of intermarriage among its members—he married the daughter of his brother SOLOMON. His son EDMUND inherits his father's immense fortune.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1868.

## THE DICTATOR LOPEZ.

THE recent conduct of LOPEZ in Paraguay will probably undeceive those who have had some degree of sympathy with him in the war with the Allies. When the war began we stated the facts upon the best authority. The "republic" of Paraguay is the most ferocious despotism. LOPEZ received the country from his father, as he in turn from Dr. FRANCIA, as his property to manage at his pleasure. The people are wholly submitted to his will. He has sought to exclude all foreigners, and has peremptorily monopolized all the trade of the state. There is no Turkish pacha so absolute in his secluded province as LOPEZ in Paraguay. Freedom of every kind is absolutely suppressed, and it was not a misfortune for civilization when his aggressions upon Brazil and the constant menace of such a tyranny to the smaller neighbors of Paraguay occasioned the war which, it is to be hoped, will end only with the overthrow of the system which has so long prevailed.

The United States have already had occasion to call LOPEZ to account, and his recent conduct will, of course, lead to a stricter settlement. The story related by Mr. WASHBURN, our late Minister in Paraguay, is extraordinary. When the movements of the Allies compelled LOPEZ to withdraw from Asuncion, his capital, a crowd of foreigners flocked to the American Legation to be protected from the mob, from the Allies, and from the spies and agents of the tyrant. Mr. WASHBURN's Legation was United States territory. The Portuguese Consul invoked its protection with the rest. LOPEZ demanded the dismissal of every body who did not belong to the Legation. Mr. WASHBURN informed the refugees of the demand, and told them he would deliver nobody who was not accused of specific crime. But the refugees seem to have thought that, if they were to be surrendered to a mere accusation of crime, they might as well go at once. They did so, and the English laborers disappeared within a week, while the Portuguese Consul was arrested upon reaching the street, and is understood to have been soon afterward shot. The fate of the others can only be imagined. But the mercies of tyrants are always the same.

When the sanctity of his Legation had been thus violated Mr. WASHBURN thought that he also might as well leave. But before he was quite prepared to do so another demand was made by LOPEZ, that he should surrender two members of the Legation. "At this point I made a stand," says Mr. WASHBURN, with an absurd air of dignity and firmness. And he issues from his Legation, with the two gentlemen whom LOPEZ had demanded, to embark upon the United States war-steamer *Wasp*, and upon the way they are taken from his side by the agents of LOPEZ, and Mr. WASHBURN sails away to tell the tale.

Probably no recent incident has so astonished the people of this country. Why did not Mr. WASHBURN reply to the first demand of LOPEZ that his Legation was American territory, and that it would be invaded at the peril of the aggressor? Then, if LOPEZ had not hesitated to seize his victims, why did not the United States Minister remain until he had communicated with his Government, or until his successor had arrived? Against the force of LOPEZ he alone could of course have done nothing; but his protesting presence was necessary until his Government could act; and he must have known how prompt and vigorous its action would be. He says that he left because he was powerless and could be of service to no one. But he should remember, as his country will not forget, that he voluntarily withdrew from his post when two of his countrymen had been seized and were lying in the dungeons of LOPEZ. His continued presence might not have released them; but it would have been an assurance to them and to the tyrant that they were not forgotten, and would doubtless have eased their condition. We know of no foreign Minister of the United States who has ever had a more serious account to settle with his countrymen than Mr. WASHBURN.

Meanwhile it is understood, and we trust correctly, that General M'MAHON, the successor of Mr. WASHBURN, will receive very distinct instructions from the Government, and that he will proceed to Paraguay with the fleet of Rear-Admiral DAVIS. The most absolute satisfaction will be demanded, and unless LOPEZ has some explanation to give which has not yet been suggested, we suppose, of course, that the United States will not hesitate to remove him from a power which he has so long and wantonly abused until at last he has assailed the rights of American citizens.

## MR. REVERDY JOHNSON UPON SLAVERY.

THE Freedmen's Aid Union in Great Britain was a society for the purpose which its name indicates, and it has contributed one hundred thousand pounds in money, and twenty thousand pounds in clothing and other articles, to the relief of the freedmen. As the operations of the Society are about ending, a deputation called upon the new Minister of the United States and presented an address, to which Mr. JOHNSON returned a formal written reply, and then made a speech. It suggests a great deal of reflection—it is very open to criticism as plain talk when plain talk is easy and safe; but it is, nevertheless, a frank and striking statement of the case.

Mr. JOHNSON began by a vigorous declaration of the utter crime and blunder of slavery. "It has no foundation in morals: it has no foundation in Christianity. It robs men of that for which alone it is excellent and worthy to live." But it became, by means of the cotton-gin, the source of the prosperity of the planters. Fearing its gradual ultimate extinction when Mr. LINCOLN was elected, "they raised their arms against the authority of the Government for the purpose of perpetuating the institution of slavery." The determination to perpetuate slavery destroyed it, although, in a government based upon the principles of the Declaration of Independence, it was sure to disappear. Mr. JOHNSON proceeded to extol WILBERFORCE. Then he referred to his own experience among the colored race, and said that they were just as capable of education as white people. He laughed at the idea that they were of a different race in any important sense. "As well might we say that a black horse or a black sheep do not belong to the same class of horses or of sheep as to indulge in any such idea." He praised General HOWARD most warmly. Great as his services in the war were, in which he lost an arm, they were trifling compared with those he has rendered as the head of the Freedmen's Bureau; and his praise is upon "the lips of every intelligent, disinterested, and liberty-loving man within the wide domain of the United States." Then looking forward, the Minister said that the product of slave labor, compared with that of free labor, will be as a mole-hill to a mountain: the freedman knows what is expected of him, and that it is his duty not to disappoint that expectation.

It is humiliating that such a speech, so obvious, so true, and so merely elementally true, spoken by the Minister of the United States in England, should be a sign of the vast progress which this country has made. The fact only shows how absolutely this country was ruled by the slave system and its great lords, the planters. At length, and for the first time in our history, an American Minister can refer without wincing to the Declaration of Independence. As for Mr. JOHNSON himself it is impossible not to remember that he grew up and passed his public life under the shadow of slavery; and that if he then thought, as of course he did, that it was a crime and a blunder, his open expression of such an opinion would have been of incalculable service to liberty. The time for a statesman to help a reform is when he sees the enormity of the abuse. Slavery can harm Mr. JOHNSON no more, and he denounces slavery. If he were a proselyte, if he had just come to the perception of the crime, it would not be fair to recall his silence and passivity. But the evil grew to its overwhelming power, and could be removed only by such terrible sacrifice, because men like Mr. JOHNSON and other leading public men persisted in opposing the agitation which might have led to a less costly remedy. As Mr. BRIGHT said in his late Edinburgh speech, the agreement upon the Corn-Law question in England came too late; "and the misfortunes which had been, perhaps, foretold, or which were inevitable, happened, and it was only after the fact that we were able to agree as to what ought to have been done." Let us hope that the public men of the day at least will learn something from the tremendous experience of the country, and not consider it the height of wisdom to suffer every evil to grow into a power strong enough to challenge the whole force of the Government.

Mr. JOHNSON carefully avoids speaking of the suffrage of the freedmen. But that has spoken, and will still speak, of itself. The Minister has heard of the election of General GRANT, and he accepts the situation without committing himself. He perceives at last that the heart of his countrymen is set upon equal rights as the stable foundation of a prosperous and peaceful commonwealth.

## ABROAD AND AT HOME.

THE elections in England, like those in this country, have been carried by the Liberals. In Mr. BRIGHT's expressive phrase, "the nation is now in power;" and the aristocracy having abdicated by the passage of the Reform bill, the responsibility of progress rests now with the people. The election in England was even more that of a ruler than in the United States. In the success that brings the Liberal party into power carries its leader, Mr. GLADSTONE, to the head of the Government, with the initiation of its policy. That policy can no longer be the traditional policy of the Whig party. It is no longer a mere game of place among patricians; it is a necessity of the relief of those who suffer. The great non-landholding class, for instance, will now support and vote for itself. The law of primogeniture will be revised. The whole subject of education must be considered. There is no resting-place in political progress; and the impatience that denounces fresh agitation is mere folly. It would have been as reasonable to stop just before the last step as just before the next. Every point well-reached is only a point of fresh departure; and the real leader of men is he who prepares the way onward from the present situation, as the forest guide pushes into the thicket and underbrush to find the path while the rest lie comfortably around the camp-fire.

A party, however liberal, coming into power is proverbially Conservative. Mr. GLADSTONE, Prime Minister that shall be, is a man of so delicately poised a judgment that he seems often timorous or reluctant. Of the most sensitive temperament, of great capacity, of ample and various accomplishment, of long and active experience, he is yet a man of so much conscience that he sees and allows the weight of the opposing argument while his nervous irritability sometimes betrays him into rash words and acts. But he is evidently a statesman who has learned the chief lesson of a statesman, to be guided by experience. He does not insist upon wresting the world to his own theory, but he also is willing to be convinced. So the High Church Tory of thirty years ago is to-day the chief Liberal leader, demanding the disfranchisement of the Irish Church, and preaching a gospel of the suffrage more radical than had been known in England. This great change in Mr. GLADSTONE has never thrown the least suspicion upon his character. Nobody supposes that he has become a Liberal for the sake of office. His change of opinion is honored as much as that of Sir ROBERT PEEL from protection to free trade, and, as in Sir ROBERT's case, it is the kind of change that commends him more closely to public confidence.

But if upon assuming office there should be any supposed disposition to falter or forget, there will be enough who will pointedly recall the new Ministry to its duty. It is supposed that Mr. GLADSTONE's promotion will bring Mr. BRIGHT also into office. But, as if to show that he means not to pause, but to throw his javelin still farther forward, Mr. BRIGHT, in his speech at Edinburgh just before the election, spoke of the country as standing upon the threshold of a new career, and mentioned three or four reforms which seemed to him now properly in order.

What is true in England is no less so here. The election of General GRANT settles, in general, the policy of reconstruction. The next step is to correct it in detail where it has failed to accomplish its purpose, and to proceed to such other changes as experience has shown to be essential. The cry to return to the old state of things is as comical as a wish to go back to the ark after the deluge had subsided. It was the old state of things that plunged us into the war. What we need is a new state of things; a large and liberal interpretation of the Constitution; a reasonable view of State rights; emancipation from the fear of dangers which, in our situation, are necessarily imaginary; a profound faith that morality is essential to great public policy, and proved intelligence to skillful and economical public service; and a careful independence of party-spirit, which will enable us to see that, while in a free government we must work with parties, yet even our own party may make mistakes, and honor those who are not truly honorable.

## REMEDY FOR THE STRINGENCY IN WALL STREET.

WHETHER the "let up" which occurred some days after the promulgation of a statement that the Secretary of the Treasury had promised relief, was due in part to any actual interference of the Secretary or Controller of the Treasury, or chiefly to the voluntary action of the parties to the "lock up," after their objects had been accomplished, is not precisely known; but it is certain that the stringency is now over.

On the 17th of November the Bank of the Commonwealth distributed ten millions five hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars to the other banks, on checks held by the latter, which was accepted as proof that the speculators for a fall of Erie and other stocks, who had locked up greenbacks, had adopted the opposite policy. This sum was probably required in payment for Erie stock—repurchased after it had been used to depress the market—as 200,000 shares at 54 would amount to $10,800,000. The extraordinary order authorizing the Receiver of Funds of the Company to purchase 200,000 shares, was issued by the Supreme Court on the 18th of November, on an affidavit made by an officer of the Company that its then market value was 54. From this price it advanced on the 20th to 62, immediately after which—the corner having culminated and a conspicuous short having settled—it fell to 43. The gain from this settlement alone is stated at from one to two millions of dollars. Others were in the same dilemma.

The amount involved in the lock up, obtained largely from the proceeds of new Erie stock, is estimated at from fifteen to twenty millions of dollars—a sum sufficiently large to accomplish the object when it is borne in mind that it was withdrawn simultaneously with the annual transfer from the East to the West of large sums intended to facilitate the transportation of cotton and grain to the sea-board. On examining the list of debits and credits from the 19th of October to the 17th November inclusive, issued by the Clearing-House, it will readily appear what banks in this city were selected as depositaries in these efforts to convert the ordinary derangement which accompanies the annual movement of crops into one of extreme damage to the whole Union.

We trust that one of the first steps of the ensuing Congress will be the appointment of a committee to investigate in New York this extraordinary proceeding, with a view to the full disclosure of the transaction and the punishment of any such conspiracy now or hereafter. It appears that no relief can be obtained here. Indeed, it is much more likely that integrity will be considered a crime by the "unjust judges" who have secured exemption from punishment and durability in power by the result of the election in this State, accomplished by means which commend fraud to shelter and adoption.

Although the stringency is over it is expedient to consider what features there are in the structure of the New York and Erie Railroad which permit the frequent repetition of immense and disgraceful operations. The General Railroad Act, passed after the Erie had been incorporated, provided in subdivision 9 of Section 28 that the companies organized under it, the Erie not being one, might confer on any holder of any bond issued for money borrowed and necessary for completing and finishing or operating their railroad, "the right to convert the principal due or owing thereon into stock of said Company at any time not exceeding ten years from the date of the bond under such regulations as the directors may see fit to adopt." By Section 49 of that Act all the then existing Railroad Corporations within this State were declared to have and possess all the powers and privileges contained in that subdivision of Section 28 "*not inconsistent with the provisions of their charter.*"

In considering whether or not this power might be exercised by those railroad corporations established in advance of the passage of the General Act, it has always been supposed, when the amount of capital had been declared in any act of incorporation, that it was inconsistent with it to enlarge the amount, but the Erie Railroad, which for many years regarded its capital as fixed by positive legislation, and as being incapable of enlargement without direct legislative authority, has been accustomed since its management has been conducted with a view to speculation to use the legislative franchise of authorizing the creation of new stock at its pleasure without publication or requiring a public sale.

It is well known that this incorporation is stronger at Albany than the Legislature, and, therefore, that no legislative means have been adopted to prevent the sacrifice of this great interest to private cupidity. The wrong of authorizing new and frequent issues of such stock is aggravated by the fact that each issue has been supposed to have been secretly made to aid in cornering operations, having in view, in the first place, the depression of its market value. By reason of the last issues and the lock up the stock fell from above 80 to 35 per cent. On a change of operations it advanced to 62, and the object accomplished it fell instantly to 43. You shall know, said one of the judges appointed prior to the constitution of 1846, addressing a criminal then before him, that if justice is slow in her steps she has at least a firm grasp. If the Bench were thus constituted, or if legislation in this State were pure, these glaring offenses which astonish every civilized community would meet with certain and sufficient punishment.

It can not be doubted that Mr. Griswold owes his defeat, in the late election for Governor, to his determination that the government of the State should be restored to its true basis. The numerous frauds that are to be uncovered and corrected whenever the State shall be in proper hands will secure the defeat of such a candidate until the people shall be fully informed of the immense danger of allowing the most important servants of the public to owe their whole power to the worst influences.

The country now looks with hope and confidence to the great chieftain who has been elected President to aid in giving the requisite protection and safety. What we most need is the certainty that every honest citizen who goes to the polls in any, even the worst district, whether it be to vote or to oppose improper votes, shall be esteemed a public sentinel behind whom stands the whole public force to protect him in this duty. Until this is thoroughly accomplished and known government will be used for violating the fundamental principles for which it was organized.

If the Congressional inquiry we have suggested shall be set on foot—the Committee to meet in this city with power to send for persons and papers—it will be made to appear whether, and in what manner, the banking organizations of the Union are wielded to depress the value of private property, and at the same time embarrass the Treasury. It will embrace examination into the recent gigantic and startling operations of this road, so far as they have a bearing on the lock up, and enable the great interests whose industry has been seriously affected by means of it—the farming, manufacturing, and commercial interests, for all have been equally and seriously damaged—to apply the corrective. *It is to have honest servants in every important position.*

## THE STREET AND THE BENCH.

The recent, and indeed the constant transactions in Wall Street, have more than a merely economical aspect. It is a consideration which affects the public character and welfare that the typical spot of immorality in the city of New York is no longer the Five Points but is coming to be Wall Street; and that the most noted people in the city, and by many the most envied and admired, are not indeed the gentlemen in very new hats, and very bright neck-scarfs, and very large diamonds, who loiter at certain street corners, but men of the same profession who pursue their gambling not in "hells," more or less gaudily furnished, but in offices down town. The daily transactions of persons who are socially recognized by respectable and honorable men are openly and at length described as swindling—and nobody even stares at the word. It is perfectly well known that nine-tenths of the offenses for which criminals are daily sent to the Tombs and to Sing Sing are not comparable in moral guilt to the operations of "great financiers," but apparently nobody is troubled; the story is a racy bit of gossip; it is diamond cut diamond and the Kilkenny cats.

If this were, indeed, all it would be very foolish to lose time in attending to the matter. But meanwhile the courts of law join the jolly round. The Bench, which is the last official resource of modern civilized society, takes a hand in the pool. Judges are retained by criminals. Decisions are sold at auction. Then the Bar gives a dinner to one of its leaders—a man of proved ability and spotless character—and when he says that the memory of the unjust judge is cursed, there is such tremendous applause that the delighted reader instantly looks through the list of guests to see who the company is composed of; and some names, taken with the applause, will remind the reader of what Carlyle tells us of a hypocrisy so profound that it was seriously hurt when it was accused of being hypocritical. But it is time to ask seriously whether it is only a jest when notorious venality sits in the ermine and assumes to discharge the functions of a magistrate? Does the reflective student see any thing essentially different between Jeffries upon the bench doing the will of a ruthless king and court at Whitehall and another judge doing the will of a great operator and his clique in Wall Street? Is any man safe when the courts are bought for private purposes? Was there ever a city in Christendom in which courts were so corrupt as some in the city of New York?

We may say that if the Wall Street gambling were merely diamond cut diamond no man need lose time in thinking of it. But can deliberate swindling be recognized as reputable business and society remain secure? If any body denies that it is recognized as reputable, we reply that the notorious stock-gamblers are not sent to Coventry. They are not treated as swindlers. When exposed, honorable men do not refuse to have further dealings with them. They gain or lose reputation for shrewdness, but their dishonesty is merely laughed at. Why isn't the dishonesty of a forger laughed at? Why is an embezzler sent to Sing Sing? Why doesn't Wall Street give its hand to a pickpocket? And will it pretend that there is any moral difference between a pickpocket and men whom it daily receives? We insist, therefore, that these persons whom the public journals openly denounce as swindlers, without protest or contradiction, are recognized as reputable when they are not treated as other swindlers are.

Does any body seriously suppose that dishonesty can be honored, and the community not suffer? Are all the moral sentiments chimeras, and the moral safeguards of society absurd? Is any man willing to educate his children for a contest with sharpers? Can any rational man read such an article as that upon the Judiciary of the City of New York in the *North American Review* for July, 1867, or that in the *Law Review* of a month or two since upon the "Erie Row," or the pamphlet, published by Putnam, upon the Wood leases, and not feel that there is an immense public peril in this state of things; and that the worst sign of the condition of any community is the apathy with which it regards such dishonesty and judicial corruption as are revealed in the late Erie operations in Wall Street?

## THE ELECTION FRAUDS.

The you're-another argument only convicts those who use it. It is no reply to the charge of frauds in the elections to say that somebody else cheated. The allegation of fraudulent naturalization papers, of repeating, of false registry, is made, and somebody who feels accused shouts that Mr. Beecher had better ascertain how much money Senator Morgan spent in the election. But it is not a party question, and whoever tries to make it so confesses judgment. It is simply stupid in any body to deny that there were monstrous frauds, because they are universally known. The business of all good citizens is to expose them, and to bring the offenders to the judgment of the courts and of public opinion. One paper ludicrously asserts that the journals which have charged fraud at the polls in New York have "villainously belied the city in which they live, move, and have their being, and who have so befouled their own nest......Why do these papers seek to bring discredit upon the city in which they are trying to earn thir own bread and butter?" To speak of the Brooklyn Ferry disaster is also to discredit the city, probably, and to hint that the city of New York is not a little heaven below is to foul your own nest. Those who do not see that the inevitable tendency of such frauds is to destroy all respect for the ballot-box have yet to learn the simplest conditions of a popular government.

## LOUISIANA.

The State Republican Committee of Louisiana for the campaign have published an address plainly stating the facts of the late election. It was evident from the April election that the State was Republican, and that the body of the new voters were upon that side. The Democratic party, therefore, resolved to carry the State by any means, under the encouragement of Blair's letter and the instructions of Wade Hampton and the other Southern leaders. It had large means, and a semi-military organization counting eighteen thousand armed and drilled men in the city of New Orleans alone; and it had also the countenance and sympathy of Generals Rousseau and Buchanan. Before election-day it was evident that the aggressive portion of the Democratic party had resolved that if the colored men would not vote for Seymour and Blair they should not vote at all, and that an attempt to cast the whole Republican vote would end in rioting and massacre. The Republicans, therefore, resolved to vote where they could peaceably, and to abstain where the effort would end in violence and murder.

The result was that in the peaceful parishes, where employers especially needed the work of colored men, the full Republican vote was thrown. In Concordia parish, where there were 1644 Republicans registered, 1554 Republicans voted; in St. James's parish of 2389 registered Republicans, 2161 voted; in Iberville parish, where 2150 Republicans registered, 2086 voted. In the city of New Orleans, on the other hand, where there were 18,000 colored citizens registered, only about 100 voted, and although besides these there were 3000 registered white Republicans, the whole Republican vote of the city was but 276. In the parish of St. Landry, where more than two hundred negroes were killed in October, out of a Republican registration of more than 2000 not one Republican vote was cast. In three other parishes, with a similar registration in each, there was one Republican vote.

This intimidation at the polls was the work of the party which has sacked Republican churches, school-houses, club-rooms, and residences; which has dispersed Republican meetings, exiled and murdered prominent Republicans, and established a reign of terror which has paralyzed the State, and brought it to the verge of anarchy. We trust that the Governor of Louisiana will make such representations to Congress that the electoral vote of the State will not be counted until after the most careful and thorough investigation, and that Congress will take care that hereafter, in the States where similar violence may fairly be expected at elections without assistance from the authorities, such provision be made that the poorest and most friendless citizen may be as secure in voting as the richest and most influential.

## HAPPIER AND HAPPIER.

Mr. Reverdy Johnson, of whose speech to the Freedmen's Aid Union we elsewhere speak as an illustration of belated wisdom, has written a note to some steamship agents in England, denying the statements of the New York correspondent of the London *Daily News* in regard to the state of society in Texas. Mr. Johnson says that it was his business as a Senator to know the truth, and the truth is, that there is no more violence in Texas than in any other State of the Union—Vermont, for instance, or Iowa.

Why will Mr. Johnson persist in these performances? The condition of Texas might be inferred from the fact that it was a border slave State, always somewhat lawless, and recently involved in a long and sanguinary civil war which emancipated the slaves. That of itself would lead any sensible man to expect a very disorganized and perilous state of society. Mr. Johnson would do no violence to ordinary experience if he suggested that abnormal disturbance in Texas was highly probable. But it is not a subject which is left to inferences and speculations. The statistical accounts from Texas, the public and private reports, reveal the exact situation, and it amply justifies all that the correspondent of the *News* has stated.

Mr. Johnson writes this letter from a vigorous resolution that every thing in this country shall appear as serene as the mind of Mr. Tilden in contemplating the chances of Mr. Seymour's election. "Trouble in my happy land," says the United States Minister, "disorder upon the Mexican frontier among the most desperate of the chivalry! Why, nothing is so delightful as that very part of my country. It is, in fact, the Happy Valley described in the charming romance of 'Rasselas,' written by that great Englishman who was of opinion that taxation without representation is no tyranny, and who both wrote and spoke in a truly remarkable manner that language of Shakespeare, and of Milton, and of the blessed translation of the Holy Scriptures, which bind the Englishman to the American, my dear friend Mr. Laird and my dear friend Mr. Sumner, in the most indissoluble bonds of love and friendship."

A week after he had commended Texas to all inquiring immigrants as the most tranquil and inviting of civilized lands, the excellent Mr. Johnson, heroically bent upon pleasing and being pleased, received the deputation of the Freedmen's friends, and made them a speech as bland and blissful as his letter to the Texas agents. At the close of his remarks Mr. Johnson said with warmth, and doubtless with the gushing fervor of truth: "I can assure you that during my residence among you I have been happy from the first; I am getting yet happier every day, and was never more happy than now." Who doubts it? The good man is all smiles and sweetness. But while at innumerable banquets he alludes to our immortal language, and assures Messrs. Laird and Wharncliffe and Roebuck that John Bull is the very apple of the American eye—how about the *Alabama?*

## THE PERIL OF THE HOUR.

The enormous frauds at the election must not be forgotten now that the election is passed, and with such a triumphant result for the policy of justice and peace. That is very gratifying, but the frauds are the worst peril that could threaten us. If the State of New York is to be governed by such means, the whole country will presently be governed by the same, and the whole system of popular government will be overthrown. It is not, therefore, the question of a party, nor of an election, nor of a city, but of the highest welfare of the whole country and of all citizens.

Indeed the feeling is so profound, and the sense of outrage in this State so serious, that Congress can not avoid entering upon the whole subject, and revising the naturalization laws throughout. Against repeating and colonization there are guards which experience has suggested, and which may be constantly improved; but the cheats of naturalization are more elusive, and require still stricter scrutiny. The power should be taken from suspected courts at least, and there are courts in New York which are suspected. It should be taken from the State courts altogether, and it should not be possible for a man to vote immediately upon completing his term. Knavery, of course, will elude any law and baffle the shrewdest rules. But something can be done to correct this and all other evils.

We say that some of the courts of New York are suspected. If there be any judge more tainted with suspicion, or who is notoriously and flagrantly active in these schemes of polluting the ballot-box, let him be impeached by the Legislature of the State. The Republican party remains in power in the State, as well as in the country. Its responsibility is great, but so is its power, and so should be its purpose. The danger that threatens us is no longer rebellion—it is corruption of every kind, and at every point. It is not a peril which appeals to the heroic sentiments, but it is a thousand-fold more deadly than open rebellion is ever likely to be. It does not batter the walls; it crumbles the foundation. Every man who winks at fraud, encourages the assassin who would slay us. If we are indifferent or negligent, if we suffer the crimes of this character committed this year to pass with a little puff of indignation, they will return every year with seven devils worse than themselves.

## LITERARY.

"The Life of George Stephenson, and of his son Robert Stephenson," by Samuel Smiles, just issued in a handsome volume by the Harpers, is not only a very interesting biography of the two noted engineers, but is a valuable history of the railway syrtem, its rise and development. There are few books lately published which convey so much substantial information in so attractive a form.

"About Woman, Love, and Marriage," by F. Saunders, author of "Salad for the Solitary," etc., published by E. W. Carleton & Co., is a collection of the sweet and gracious things that have been said upon the delightful subjects named, connected by a thread of dainty and pleasant suggestion, in which humorous anecdote and happy incident are skillfully woven. It is a bouquet of the flowers of various reading, and will be sure to charm a host of genial and tender hearts.

"The Woman's Kingdom" is Miss Mulock's (or Mrs. Craik's) last novel, just published by the Harpers. It will undoubtedly dispute the palm with "John Halifax" as her best work. It is a love tale of absorbing interest.

"Passages from the American Note Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne" (Fields, Osgood, & Co.) is a book of extraordinary interest. No man was so reticent to other men, or so lavish of intimate confidence upon paper, as Hawthorne. No diary certainly was ever so free from selfish egotism. It is so simple a transcript of original emotion and impression that it is Homeric. Its merits are remarkable in many ways; and its purely literary value and significance are very great. Yet no book required such careful editing, and in one or two instances we fear it may occasion personal pain, from the infliction of which Hawthorne would have recoiled.

"Sol. Smith's Theatrical Management." The Harpers publish this autobiography of "a retired actor" whose name is very familiar, especially in the West and South. It is a series of characteristic anecdotes and sketches of life for the last thirty years in those parts of the country as seen by a man whose chief interest was the theatre. There are interesting and characteristic details of Macready, the Keans, Fanny Ellsler, and the famous stars that have shone during that period. The whole is made interesting by that tone of simplicity which so often distinguishes gentlemen of the profession, and which wins a kindly regard even from those who do not frequent the theatre.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

New York State pays more attention to her public schools than the New England States generally. The percentage of children in these schools is over 67, while in Maine it is 44, in Vermont 50, in Connecticut 47, and in Rhode Island 41.

A land-slide occurred near Westbrook, Maine, November 22, covering about forty acres of land. It completely filled up the channel of the Presumpscot River.

The Lunatic Asylum at Columbus was destroyed by fire Nov. 19. Six of the patients were burned to death.

On the evening of November 17 a complimentary dinner was given by the bar of New York to Mr. Evarts, the Attorney-General, at the Astor House. Among those present were the President elect, General Grant, Admiral Farragut, and many distinguished statesmen and politicians.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The elections in England have resulted in a grand triumph for the Liberal party. The majority of this party in the next Parliament is estimated by the London *Times* to be 142. The election was a very exciting one, and was attended by a series of riots in Ireland and England.

Lord Stanley consents to the arrangement stipulating that the *Alabama* claims commission shall sit in Washington.

The Chinese embassy was courteously received by Queen Victoria November 20.

The English statisticians tell us that during last year there were 2513 vessels wrecked on the British coast, and that 1333 lives were lost with the vessels. In one month, December, 326 men went down. Out of the total number of vessels lost last year, 1551 were engaged in the coasting trade. It is stated by the same authority that upward of five hundred vessels were known to have been lost from absolute unseaworthiness. The National Life-boat Institution was the means of saving 1086 lives during the year.

The eruption of Vesuvius is increasing in violence, and threatens the town of San Giorgio.

Captain-General Lersundi has an army of about 12,000 disciplined men, and against this force, properly managed, it seems impossible that the Cuban insurrection will make farther headway. The manifesto of the Madrid Government, proclaiming liberal reforms, it is expected will do much toward restoring quiet in the island.

Domingo F. Sarmiento was inaugurated as President of the Argentine Confederation on the 12th of October.

## HOUDON'S WASHINGTON.

**Perhaps** on the termination of a general election for President of the United States nothing could be offered to inspire the patriotism of our readers so much as a likeness of **Washington**. It appears on this page, and comes from a photograph of the statue of **Washington** in the Capitol at Richmond, Virginia. This statue has been justly spoken of as the most precious work of art to Americans that exists in the world. It is undoubtedly a true representation of the noble features and form of the "Father of his Country."

The Legislature of Virginia in 1784 unanimously passed a resolution "requiring his image to be made in the purest marble by the most eminent sculptor in Europe." The duty of selecting an artist was committed to **Jefferson** and **Franklin**, who offered the work to **Houdon**, then the most celebrated sculptor in Paris. Although the sum appropriated was inadequate, **Houdon** answered: "It would be the glory of his life to be enabled to place his name humbly upon the plinth of a statue representing that good man."

It was supposed that whatever artist might be engaged would perform his work in Paris from such material as he could obtain; and for this purpose a copy of **Peale**'s full-length portrait of **Washington** was sent to France; but **Houdon** rejected all such aids, and determined to proceed to America to obtain the requisite materials. **Jefferson** informed **Washington** that the artist "had a difficulty to withdraw himself from an order of the Empress of Russia," who expressed her surprise that **Houdon** should leave the rewards offered at her court "to make the statue of a Colonial Rebel."

**Jefferson** described the artist to **Washington** as "without rivalship, and as disinterested, generous, candid, and panting after glory." "He comes now for the purpose of lending the aid of his art to transmit you to posterity." **Franklin** accompanied **Houdon** across the ocean and announced their arrival in Philadelphia. To this **Washington**, then at Mount Vernon, replied on the 26th September, 1785. On the same day he sent a characteristic letter to **Houdon**, which is as follows: "Sir,—By letter, which I have lately had the honor to receive from Doctor **Franklin** at Philadelphia, I am informed of your arrival at that place. Many letters from very respectable characters in France, as well as the Doctor's, inform me of the occasion; for which, though the cause is not of my own seeking, I feel the most agreeable and grateful sensations. I wish the object of your mission had been more worthy of the masterly genius of the first statuary in Europe, for thus you are represented to me.

"It will give me pleasure, Sir, to welcome you to this seat of my retirement; and whatsoever I have or can procure that is necessary to your purpose or convenient to your wishes you must freely command, as inclination to oblige you will be among the last things in which I shall be found deficient, either on your arrival or during your stay."

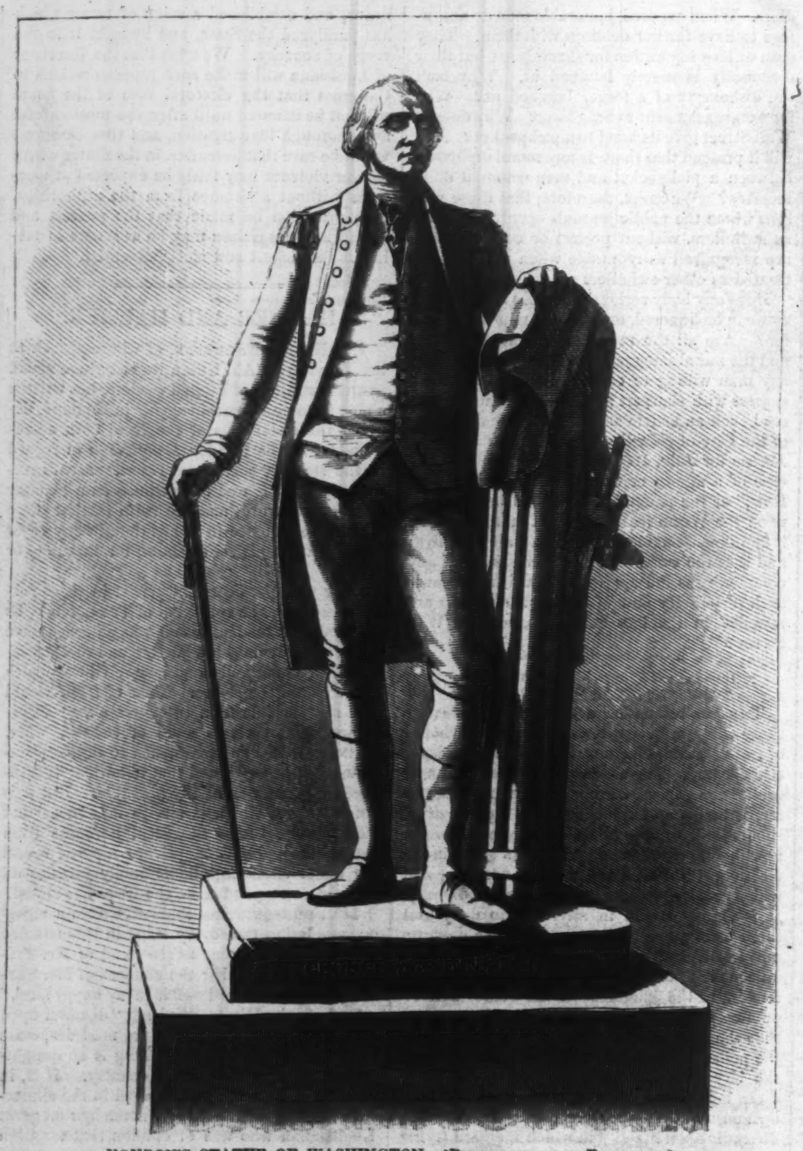
**Houdon** immediately proceeded to Mount Vernon, and was cordially received. Although the artist had been led to anticipate the highest pleasure from beholding **Washington**, yet he afterward stated to **Jefferson** that he "had no idea of the grandeur of his form, features, and presence." **Washington** at first refused **Houdon**'s request to allow plaster casts to be taken of his face and whole person, but such was the confidence which the artist inspired that **Washington** submitted, saying, "Do with me as you please. I can refuse you nothing;" and thus it was that his whole precious form has been transmitted to our time.

**Houdon** remained at Mount Vernon a fortnight engaged in taking casts, which he sent to Paris. The moulds of the head were retained under his special charge, he observing: "If they are lost in the ocean I am determined to perish with them." He descended so far into the minutiæ as to make casts of **Washington**'s watch-seals, spurs, and walking-stick, which appear in the statuary.

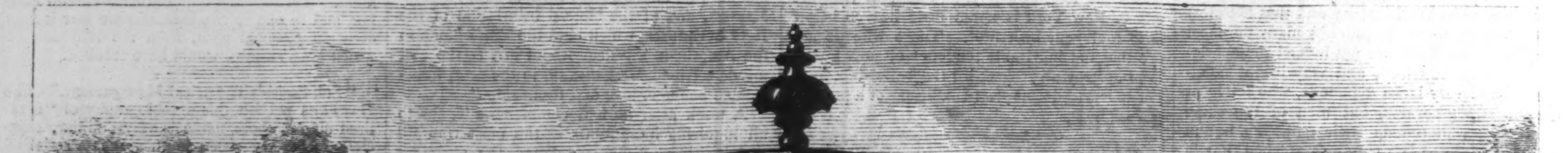
**Houdon** determined, immediately on looking at **Washington**, to take him in the costume of the time, which accorded with **Washington**'s wishes, and with the judgment of the best authorities abroad. This garb was finally adopted, and hence **Washington** appears in his ordinary dress. The attitude in which he stands was common on important occasions. He had resigned his authority as Commander-in-Chief. The cane of the civilian which he holds in his right hand is intended to express that he had become a private citizen. His sword and military mantle resting on the rods or fasces—the military emblem of the Confederacy—the Constitution of the United States had not then been adopted—presents the same idea. The original statue, chiseled in Paris, now stands in the Capitol at Richmond. It represents **Washington** at the age of fifty-three, then in the prime of life. The tranquillity and dignity of the expression can not be surpassed. His noble frame stands there in full majesty.

We have often regretted that this work of art, so precious to those now on the stage and to generations to follow, should still stand in a building not only not fire-proof, but easily destroyed. It should be placed beyond the possibility of destruction in a fire-proof edifice on the Capitol grounds. This, we hope, may be done, and we beg leave to suggest it to the present authorities of that State.

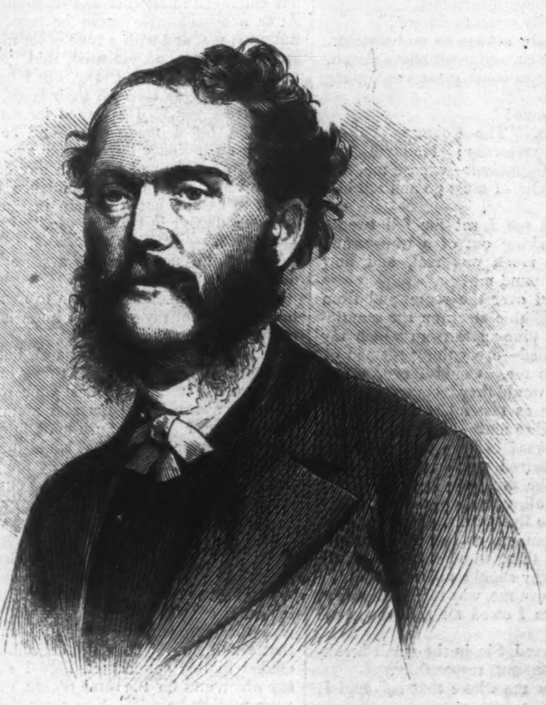
We have, however, the gratification to know that three bronze copies of it were taken under the consent of an act of the Legislature of Virginia, and that one of them is at Raleigh, an-



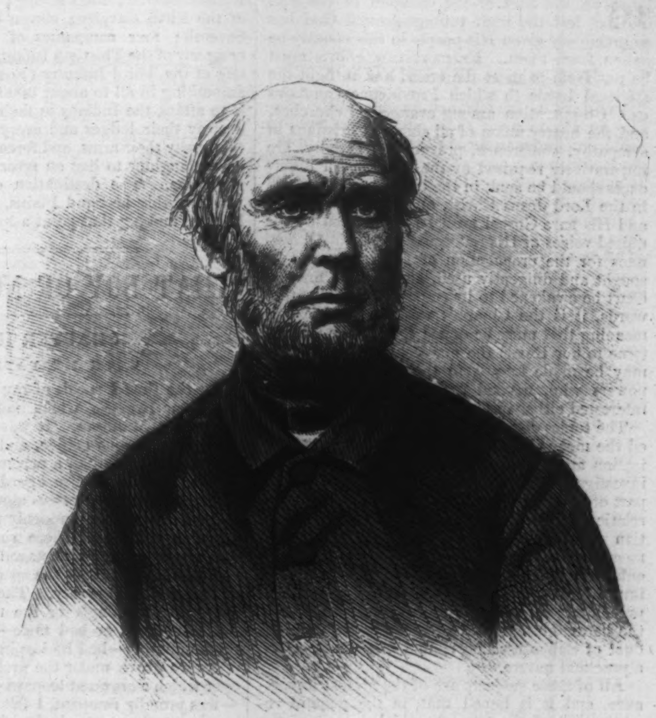
HOUDON'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]



THE BREWER FOUNTAIN ON BOSTON COMMON.—[See Page 774.]



REV. RICHMOND FISK, D.D., PRESIDENT OF ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY.



REV. DR. FISHER, PRINCIPAL OF THE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

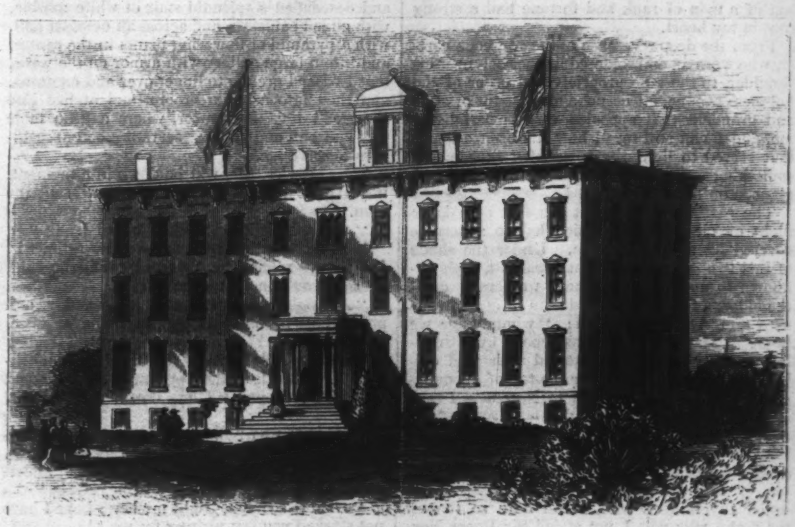
other in the grounds of the college at Lexington, Virginia, presided over by General **Lee**, and the third is temporarily deposited in the City Hall at New York. The latter is offered for sale at $10,000, on behalf of the widow and heirs of **Hubard**, the artist who made these bronze copies.

We have high authority in the pamphlet from which we have gathered these facts for stating that the copy is exact, and trust that it may be obtained for erection in Central Park. We hope this will be done, so that whatever may be the fate of the original our people here can have the opportunity, as they gaze upon the noble features and form of **Washington**, to recollect his example, and to resolve to follow him as the purest and truest of the great men who have adorned the world.

## THE ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY.

At Canton, the county seat of St. Lawrence County, in Northern New York, is located the St. Lawrence University, under the control of the Universalist denomination, which its friends hope will soon receive such endowments as will enable it to take rank with the other great educational institutions of the land. We give on this page a view of the University building as it now stands. Its friends hope that within a few years this picture will have become obsolete. A special feature of this institution is that students of both sexes are received, on due examination, to pursue on an equal footing either course of study they may select. The President of the Faculty, whose portrait we give, is Dr. **Richmond Fisk**, born at Bennington, Vermont, in 1836. He graduated at Union College in 1858. After graduating he studied law for a year; but the bent of his mind was toward the ministry of the denomination to which he belonged. He thereupon accepted the position of pastor of a church at Auburn, which, after three years, he resigned to accept his present position.

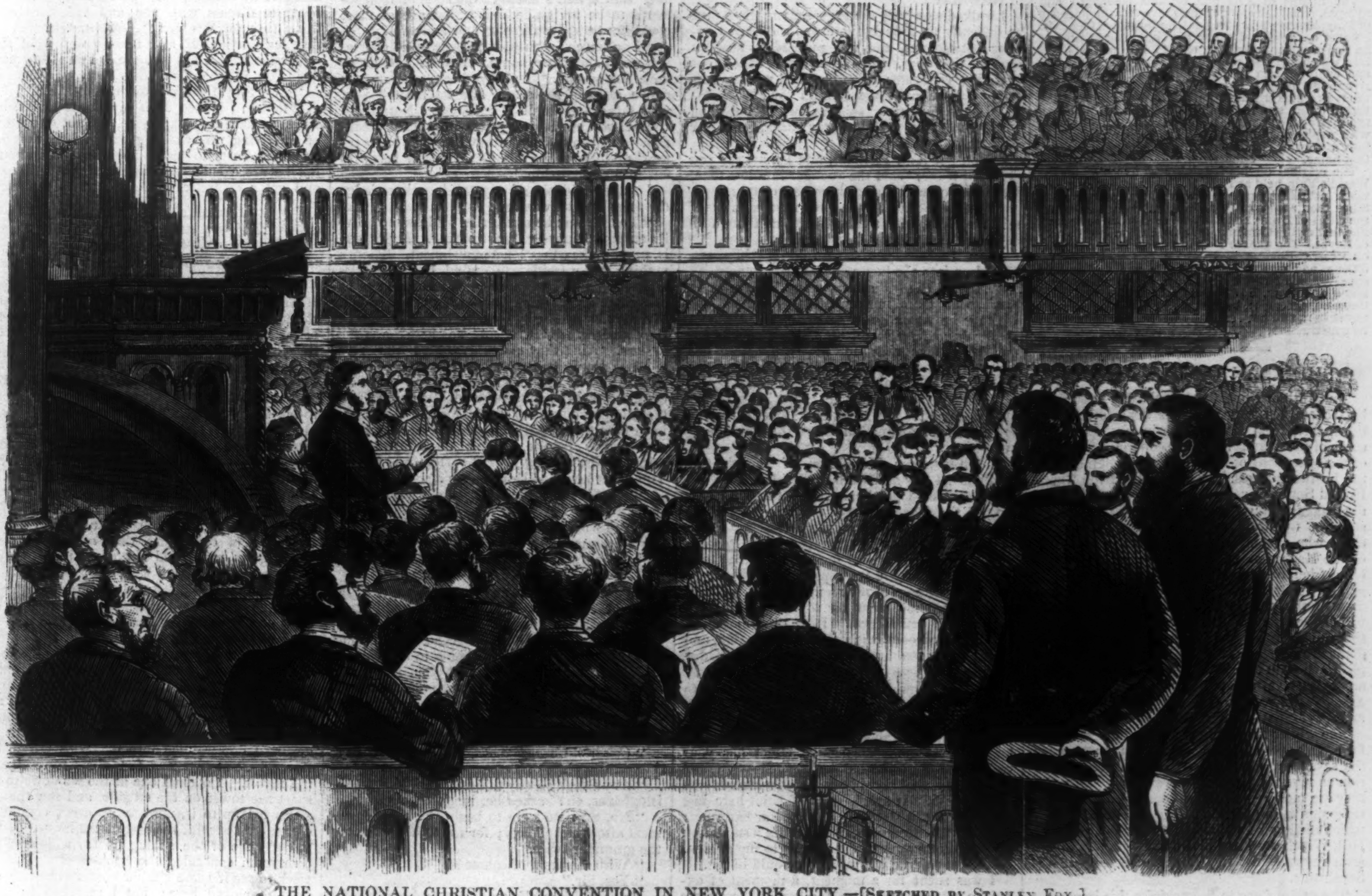
A "University" comprises, as its name imports, a Faculty for teaching each of the great departments of science. Among these is that of Theology. The Principal of the Theological School, whose portrait we also give, is Dr. **Ebenezer Fisher**. He was born in Maine in 1815. His early training was that of most New England boys, in the common schools, reading, meanwhile, every book that came in his way. His early training was in the faith of Christianity as expounded by **Calvin**. As he grew up he abandoned this for the tenets held by the Universalist denomination, and of these, at the age of twenty-two, he resolved to become a preacher. Meanwhile he was elected to the Legislature of his State. His year of legislative service having expired, he began the work of preaching, officiating at several places in Maine and Massachusetts. In 1858 he was induced to take charge of the Theological School at Canton, out of which has grown the St. Lawrence University.



ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY.

## THE NATIONAL CHRISTIAN CONVENTION.

This Convention, which met a few days ago in the Reformed Protestant Church on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street in this city, was composed of ministers and lay members of evangelical churches in various parts of the United States. The object of the Convention is expressed in the words of the call: "The increasing influence of material interests in our land, so rapidly growing in population, wealth, and commercial activity; the ignorance of the multitudes and their indifference to the claims of the Gospel; the extensive introduction of irreligious and anti-religious styles of thought and life from abroad; the organized forms of attack upon the authority of God's word; the fascinations of a shrewd system of superstition, allied to open worldliness, and the inroads of an infidel philosophy, reared upon the foundation of universal skepticism, alike demand peculiar vigi-



THE NATIONAL CHRISTIAN CONVENTION IN NEW YORK CITY.—[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]

lance on the part of the disciples of the Son of God, lest the high-vantage-ground God has so graciously given His people in this country be stolen from them. Extraordinary efforts must be put forth to meet the crisis, and to fight the spiritual battle to which Providence summons us. Co-operation among evangelical churches, and the hearty union of all sincere Christians in sympathy, conference, prayer, and activity, are imperatively required by the times. All differences should be sunk in the harmony of one faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, our atoning Saviour; and His pure Gospel must be proclaimed by the united voices of His redeemed people. All avenues for the propagation of His truth must be sought and diligently used, and every Christian heart be awakened to its responsibility; in other words, it is the Church's work in its broadest meaning that must be done; that by the Church (true to her Head) the manifold wisdom of God may be made known to the principalities and powers who, beyond the sphere of sense, are interested either in her glory or her shame."

The topics discussed in the Convention regarded the means for a more perfect working organization among the members of each church; an investigation of the causes of the failure on the part of so many churches to reach the poor; the relation between churches and voluntary Christian associations; the efficiency of week-day meetings; woman's work in the Church; the enlargement of Christian home influence; the improvement of the homes of the poor; lay-preaching; open air services; city missions; the better observance of the Sabbath; the conduct of Sabbath-schools; and other subjects of a practical nature.

All of these subjects are of the utmost importance, and it is hoped that, in the general re-awakening of the Church, which is one of the characteristic events of the day, they will receive the attention which they demand.

## THE BREWER FOUNTAIN ON BOSTON COMMON.

The following description of the bronze fountain on Boston Common, recently presented to that city by Mr. Gadner Brewer, and illustrated on page 772, is taken from a Boston paper:

> The height of the fountain is 24 feet, and the diameter of the basin 28 feet, which is two feet more than in the original. It is erected here under the supervision of Messrs. Emerson and Fehmer, architects, and Messrs. I. & H. M. Harmon, builders, of this city. The design is by the celebrated Liénard, Knight of the Legion of Honor, whose productions maintain a high rank as works of art wherever they are known. Its appropriateness, representing as it does marine subjects—dolphins, shells, etc.—and the fidelity with which the general idea is carried out in every part, even in the more minute details of ornamentation, can hardly fail to strike the most careless observer. The statuary is from the chisel of Mathurin Moreau, who received the grand prize of Rome, four medals, and the cross of the Legion of Honor. The four large figures at the base represent mythological subjects, viz., Neptune, Amphitrite, Acis, and Galatea. The children at the top are merely ornamental, and have no special signification. Neptune, god of the ocean, and brother of Great Jove, needs no biographical sketch to acquaint our readers with him, and his wife Amphitrite, beside him, asserts her dignity as goddess of the ocean so grandly that none need be told her story.
>
> The figures of Acis and Galatea (shepherd and nymph), recall the story of their love and the jealousy of Polyphemus; how the giant, finding them together, became enraged and threw the fatal rock at Acis as he fled; and how Galatea, emerging from the water into which she had plunged in affright, ran to him and endowed him with the honors of his father the river god; how his purple blood flowed from under the rock which crushed him, but by degrees grew like turbid water, and in time became pellucid; and then the rock opened and the water gushed from the chasm with a pleasing murmur. Thus Acis was changed into a river of Galatea's own element and called by that name.
>
> The original of this fountain was executed for the World's Fair, held at Paris in 1855, where it attracted much attention, and was awarded a gold medal. Since then copies of it, in iron, have been made for the cities of Lyons and Bordeaux; also one in bronze, like that on the Common, for Said Pacha, late Viceroy of Egypt. The one for Boston was cast in the foundry of Messrs. Fourment, Houille, & Co., in the Val d'Osne, and was finished in Paris under the direct supervision of the well-known American banking house of Messrs. Bowles, Drevet, & Co., who, from the commencement, have manifested the warmest interest in it, and have carefully watched every stage of its construction.

## SHERIDAN ON THE MOVE.

The 15th of November was the day fixed upon by General Sheridan for his departure to the front, *i. e.*, from Fort Hayes in Kansas to the south of the Arkansas, to take command in person of the operations of the winter campaign against the hostile savages. Company C of the Tenth United States Cavalry had been sent ahead, with the baggage train, etc., thus having one day's start of the Commanding General. The Indians who accompanied this column are a party of the Kansas or Kaw nation, who have always been friendly, and will be used as scouts and guides, as their familiarity with the physical features of the comparatively unexplored country which the troops will traverse eminently adapts them to that purpose. The names of these Indians are: Sam Sambo, an Indian speaking English, who will act as interpreter; Frank Johnson, Utes-ar-gah-be, Tah-e-ah, O-utes-ar-jah, Tah-se-ah, John Moon, B-ar-se-bah-se, Wy-o-nosh-in, and John De Lash.

The winter has been chosen as the best season for hostile operations, because it is a season when the savages are in the most embarrassing situation as regards supplies of every sort, and when they are most reluctant to undertake battle. The campaign is in good hands, and the same energy which distinguished General Sheridan at Fisher's Hill, Winchester, and Five Forks will, it is hoped, soon restore quiet to our Indian frontier in the Southwest.

The entire force in the field for this important campaign consists of Governor Crawford's Kansas cavalry, 1500 strong; seven companies of the Fifth Cavalry; eleven companies of the Seventh; four companies of the Tenth; one company of the Thirtieth Infantry (colored); and one of the Third Infantry (Forsyth's scouts)—amounting in all to about 3000 men. The plan is to attack the Indians in their winter-quarters, destroy their lodges and every thing they have, take away their arms, and force all those that escape slaughter to live on reservations below the Arkansas. The destination of the expedition will probably be Sand Plains, south of the Arkansas, making that point a base of supplies.

# THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

## CHAPTER III.

### WITH MY FATHER.

At the time I speak of my father dwelt in a villa near Brussels, which had been built by or for Mdme. Malibran. It was a strange, somewhat incongruous edifice, and rather resembled a public building than a private gentleman's residence. It stood in a vast garden, or rather park, where fruit and forest trees abounded, and patches of flowers came suddenly into view in most unexpected places. There were carriage-drives, too, so ingeniously managed that the visitor could be led to believe the space ten times greater than it was in reality. The whole inside and out savored strongly of the theatre, and every device of good or bad taste—the latter largely predominating—had its inspiration in the stage.

As we drove under the arched entrance gate, over which a crowned leopard—the Norcott crest—was proudly rampant, I felt a strange throb at my heart that proved the old leaven was still alive within me, and that the feeling of being the son of a man of rank and fortune had a strong root in my heart.

From the deep reverence of the gorgeous porter, who wore an embroidered leather belt over his shoulder, to the trim propriety and order of the noiseless avenue, all bespoke an amount of state and grandeur that appealed very powerfully to me, and I can still recall how the bronze lamps that served to light the approach struck me as something wonderfully fine, as the morning's sun glanced on their crested tops.

The carriage drew up at the foot of a large flight of marble steps, which led to a terrace covered by a long veranda. Under the shade of this two gentlemen sat at breakfast, both unknown to me. "Whom have we here?" cried the elder, a fat, middle-aged man of coarse features and stern expression; "whom have we here?" The younger—conspicuous by a dressing-gown and cap that glittered with gold embroidery—looked lazily over the top of his newspaper, and said, "That boy of Norcott's, I take it; he was to arrive to-day."

This was the first time I heard an expression that my ears were soon to be well familiar to, and I can not tell how bitterly the words insulted me. "Who were they," I asked myself, "who, under my father's roof, could dare so to call me? and why was I not styled Sir Roger Norcott's son, and not thus disparagingly 'that boy of Norcott's?'"

I walked slowly up the steps among these men as defiantly as though there was a declared enmity between us, and was proceeding straight toward the door, when the elder called out "Holloa, youngster, come here and report yourself! You've just come, haven't you?"

"I have just come," said I, slowly, "but when I report myself it shall be to my father, Sir Roger Norcott."

"You got that, Hotham, and I must say you deserved it too," said the younger in a low tone, which my quick hearing, however, caught.

"Will you have some breakfast with us?" said the elder, with a faint laugh, as though he enjoyed the encounter.

"No, I thank you, Sir," said I, stiffly, and passed on into the house.

"Master Digby," said a smart little man in black, who for a moment or two puzzled me whether he was a guest or a servant, "may I show you to your room, Sir? Sir Roger is not up: he seldom rings for his bath before one o'clock; but he said he would have it to-day earlier."

"And what is your name, pray?"

"Nixon, Sir. Mr. Nixon, Sir Roger is pleased to call me for distinction sake—the lower servants require it."

"Tell me, then, Mr. Nixon, who are the two gentlemen I saw at breakfast outside?"

"The stoutish gentleman, Sir, is Captain Hotham, of the Royal Navy; the other, with the Turkish pipe, is Mr. Cleremont, Secretary to the Legation here. Great friends of Sir Roger's, Sir. Dine here three or four times a week, and have their rooms always kept for them."

The appearance of my room, into which Nixon now ushered me, went far to restore me to a condition of satisfaction. It was the most perfect little bedroom it is possible to imagine, and Nixon never wearied in doing the honors of displaying it.

"Here's your library, Sir. You've only to slide this mirror into the wall; and here are all your books. This press is your armory. Sir Roger gave the order himself for that breech-loader at Liége. This small closet has your bath—always ready, as you see, Sir—hot and cold; and that knob yonder commands the shower-bath. It smells fresh of paint here just now, Sir, for it was only finished on Saturday; and the men are coming to-day to fix a small iron staircase from your balcony down to the garden. Sir Roger said he was sure you would like it."

I was silent for a moment, a moment of exquisite reverie, and then I asked if there were always people visitors at the Villa?

"I may say, Sir, indeed, next to always. We haven't dined alone since March last."

"How many usually come to dinner?"

"Five or seven, Sir; always an odd number. Seldom more than seven, and never above eleven, except a state dinner to some great swell going through."

"No ladies, of course?"

"Pardon me, Sir. The Countess Vander Neeve dined here yesterday; Madame Van Straatan, and Mrs. Cleremont—excuse me, Sir, there's Sir Roger's bell. I must go and tell him you've arrived."

When Nixon left me I sat for full twenty minutes like one waking out of a trance, and asking myself how much was real, and how much fiction of all around me?

My eyes wandered over the room, and from the beautiful little Gothic clock on the mantlepiece to the gilded pine-apple from which my bed-curtains descended—every thing seemed of matchless beauty to me. Could I ever weary of admiring them? would they seem to me every morning as I awoke as tasteful and as elegant as now they appeared to me? Oh, if dear mamma could but see them! If she but knew with what honor I was received, would not the thought go far to assuage the grief our separation cost her? And, last of all, came the thought, if she herself were here to live with me, to read with me, to be my companion, as she used to be—could life offer any thing to compare with such happiness? And why should not this be? If papa really should love me, why might I not lead him to see to whom I owed all that made me worthy of his love?

"Breakfast is served, Sir, in the small breakfast-room," said a servant, respectfully.

"You must show me where that is," said I, rising to follow him.

And now we walked along a spacious corridor, and descended a splendid stair of white marble, with gilded balusters, and across an octagon hall, with a pyramid of flowering plants in the centre, and into a large gallery with armor on the walls, that I wished greatly to linger over and examine, and then into a billiard-room, and at last into the small breakfast-parlor, where a little table was laid out, and another servant stood in readiness to serve me.

"Mr. Eccles, Sir, will be down in a moment, if you'll be pleased to wait for him," said the man.

"And who is Mr. Eccles?" asked I.

"The gentleman as is to be your tutor, Sir, I believe," replied he, timidly; "and he said, perhaps you'd make the tea, Sir."

"All right," said I, opening the caddy, and proceeding to make myself at home at once. "What is here?"

"Deviled kidneys, Sir; and this is fried mackerel. Mr. Eccles takes oysters; but he won't have them opened till he's down. Here he is, Sir."

The door was now flung open, and a good-looking young man, with a glass stuck in one eye, entered, and with a cheery, but somewhat affected voice, called out—

"Glad to see you, Digby my boy; hope I have not starved you out waiting for me?"

"I'm very hungry, Sir, but not quite starved out," said I, half amazed at the style of man selected to be my guide, and whose age at most could not be above three or four and twenty.

"You haven't seen your father yet, of course, nor won't these two hours. Yes, Gilbert, let us have the oysters. I always begin with oysters and a glass of sauterne; and let me tell you, your father's sauterne is excellent. Not that I counsel *you*, however, to start with wine at breakfast. I haven't told you that I'm to be your tutor," said he, filling his glass; "and here's to our future fellowship."

I smiled and sipped my tea to acknowledge the toast, and he went on:

"You mustn't be afraid that I'll lean too heavily on you, Digby—at least at first. My system is, never make education a punishment. There's nothing that a gentleman—mind, I say a gentleman—ought to know that he can not acquire as easily and as pleasantly as he does field-sports. If a man has to live by his wits, he must drudge; there's no help for it. And—but here come the oysters. Ain't they magnificent? Let me give you one piece of instruction while the occasion serves: let no one ever persuade you that Colchester oysters equal the Ostend. They have neither the plumpness nor the juiciness, and still less have they that fresh odor of the sea that gives such zest to appetite. One of these days I shall ask you what Horace says of oysters, and where. You never heard of Horace—eh?"

"Yes, Sir; I was reading the *Odes* when I came away."

"And with whom, pray?"

"With mamma, Sir."

"And do you mean to say mamma knew Latin?"

"Yes, Sir; she learned it to teach me. She worked far harder than I did, and I could never come up with her."

"Ah, yes, I see; but all that sort of learning—that irregular study—is a thing to be grubbed up. If I were to be frank with you, Digby, I'd say I'd rather have you in total ignorance than with that smattering of knowledge a mamma's teaching is sure to imply. What had you read before Horace?"

"*Cæsar's Commentaries*, Sir, an *Æneid of Virgil*, two plays of Terence—"

"Any Greek?—any thing of Euripides or Aristophanes, eh?" asked he, mockingly.

"No, Sir; we were to begin the New Testament after the holidays; for I had just gone over the grammar twice."

"With mamma, of course?"

"Yes, Sir."

He helped himself to a cutlet, and as he poured the Harvey sauce over it it was plain to see that he was not thinking of what was before him, but employed in another and different direction. After a considerable pause he turned his eyes full upon me, and with a tone of far more serious import than he had yet used, said, "We're not very long acquainted, Digby, but I have a trick of reading people through their faces, and I feel I can trust you." He waited for some remark from me, but I made none, and he went on, "With an ordinary boy of your age—indeed, I might go farther and say with any other boy—I'd not venture on the confidence I am now about to make; but a certain instinct tells me I run no danger in trusting *you*."

"Is it a secret, Sir?"

"Well, in one sense it *is* a secret; but why do you ask?"

"Because mamma told me to avoid secrets; to have none of my own, and know as little as I could of other people's."

"An excellent rule in general, but there are cases where it will not apply: this is one of them, for here the secret touches your own family. You are aware that papa and mamma do not live together? Don't flush up, Digby; I'm not going to say one word that could hurt you. It is for your benefit—I might say for your absolute safety—that I speak now. Your father has one of the noblest natures a man ever possessed; he is a prince in generosity, and the very soul of honor, and, except pride, I don't believe he has a fault. This same pride, however, leads him to fancy he can never do wrong; indeed, he does not admit that he ever made a mistake in his life, and, consequently, he does not readily forgive those to whom he imputes any disasters that befall him. Your mother's family are included in this condemned list—I can't exactly say why; and for the same reason, or no reason, your mother herself. You must therefore take especial care that you never speak of one of these people."

"And mamma?"

"*Her* name least of all. There may come a time—indeed, it is sure to come—when this difficulty can be got over; but any imprudence now—the smallest mistake—would destroy this chance. Of course it's very hard on you, my poor fellow, to be debarred from the very theme you'd like best to dwell on; but when you know the danger—not merely danger, but the positive certainty of mischief—a chance word might bring about, I read you very ill, or you'll profit by my warning."

I bent my head to mean assent, but I could not speak.

"Papa will question you whether you have been to school, and what books you are reading, and your answer will be 'Never at school; had all my lessons at home.' Not a word more, mind that, Digby. Say it now after me, that I may see if you can be exact to a syllable."

I repeated the words correctly, and he patted me affectionately on the shoulder, and said—

"You and I are sure to get on well together. When I meet with a boy, who, besides being intelligent, is a born gentleman, I never hesitate about treating him as my equal, save in that knowledge of life I'm quite ready to share with him. I don't want to be a Pope with my pupil, and say, 'You are not to do this, or think that,' and give no reason why. You'll always find me ready to discuss with you, and talk over, any thing that puzzles you. I was not treated in that fashion myself, and I know well what the repressive system has cost me. You follow me, don't you, in what I say?"

"Yes, Sir; I think I understand it all."

Whether I looked as if my words had more meaning than they expressed, or that some sort of misgiving was working within him that he had been hasty in his confidence, I know not; but he arose suddenly, and said, "I must go and get a cigarette." And with that he left me.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE VILLA MALIBRAN.

For some hours I wandered over the house, admiring the pictures, and the bronzes, and the statuettes, and the hundreds of odd nick-nacks of taste or curiosity that filled the salons. The treasures of art were all new to me, and I thought I could never weary of gazing on some grand landscape by Both, or one of those little interiors of Dutch life by Ostade or Mieris. It seemed to me the very summit of luxury, that all these glorious objects should be there, awaiting, as it were, the eye of him who owned them, patient slaves of his pleasure, to be rewarded by, perhaps, a hurried glance as he passed. The tempered light, the noiseless footsteps, as one trod the triple-piled carpet, the odor of rich flowers every where, imparted a dreaminess to the sense of enjoyment, that, after long, long years, I can recall and almost revive by an effort of memory.

I met no one as I loitered through the rooms, for I was in a part of the house only opened on great occasions, or for large receptions; and so I strayed on, lost in wonderment at the extent and splendor of a scene which, to my untutored senses, seemed of an actually royal magnificence. Having reached what I believed to be the limit of the suite of rooms, I was about to retrace my steps, when I saw that a small octagon tower opened from an angle of the room, though no apparent doorway led into it. This puzzle interested me at once, and I set about to resolve it, if I might. I opened one of the windows to inspect the tower on the outside, and saw that no stairs led up to it, nor any apparent communication existed with the rest of the house. I bethought me of the sliding mirror which in my own room concealed the book-case, and set to work to see if some similar contrivance had not been employed here; but I searched in vain. Defeated and disappointed, I was turning away, when, passing my hand along the margin of a massive picture-frame, I touched a small button; and as I did so, with a faint sound like a wail, the picture moved slowly, like an opening door, and disclosed the interior of the tower. I entered at once, my curiosity now raised to a point of intensity to know what had been so carefully and cunningly guarded from public view. What a blank disappointment was mine! The little room, about nine or ten feet in diameter, contained but a few straw-bottomed chairs, and a painted table on which a tea-service of common blue-ware stood. A Dutch clock was on a bracket at one side of the window, and a stuffed bird—a grouse, I believe—occupied another. A straight-backed old sofa, covered with a vulgar chintz, stood against the wall; an open book, with a broken fan in the leaves, to mark the place, lay on the sofa. The book was *Paul and Virginia*. A common sheet almanac was nailed against the wall, but over the printed columns of the months a piece of white paper was pasted, on which, in large letters, was written, "June 11, 18—. Dies infausta." I started. I had read that date once before in my mother's prayer-book, and had learned it was her marriage-day. As a ray of sunlight displays in an instant every object within its beam, I at once saw the meaning of every detail around me. These were the humble accessories of that modest home from which my dear mother was taken; these were the grim reminders of a time my father desired to perpetuate as an undying sorrow. I trembled to think what a nature I should soon be confronted with, and how terrible must be the temper of a man whose resentments asked for such aliment to maintain them! I stole away abashed at my own intrusiveness, and feeling that I was rightfully punished by the misery that overwhelmed me. How differently now did all the splendor appear to me as I retraced my steps! how defiantly I gazed on that magnificence which seemed to insult the poverty I had just quitted!

What a contrast to the nurtured spitefulness of his conduct was my poor mother's careful preservation of a picture representing my father in his uniform. A badly painted thing it was; but with enough of likeness to recall him. And as such, in defiance of neglect, and ill-usage, and insult, she preserved it—a memorial, not of happier days, but of a time when she dreamed of happiness to come. While I was thus thinking, seeking in my mind comparisons between them, which certainly redounded but little to his credit, Nixon came up to me, saying, "Oh, Master Digby, we've been looking for you in every direction. Sir Roger has asked over and over why you have not been to see him; and I'm afraid you'll find him displeased at your delay."

"I'm ready now," said I, dryly, and followed him.

My father was in his study, lying on a sofa, and cutting the leaves of a new book as I entered; and he did not interrupt the operation to offer me his hand.

"So, Sir," said he, calmly, and coldly, "you have taken your time to present yourself to me? Apparently you preferred making acquaintance with the house and the grounds."

"I am very sorry, Sir," I began; "but I did not know you had risen. Nixon told me about one or two—"

"Indeed! I was not aware that you and Mr. Nixon had been discussing my habits. Come nearer; nearer still. What sort of dress is this? Is it a smock-frock you have on?"

"No, Sir. It's a blouse to keep my jacket clean. I have got but one."

"And these shoes; are they your own making?"

"No, Sir. I couldn't make even as good as these."

"You are a very poor-looking object, I must say. What was Antoine about that he didn't at least make you look like a gentleman, eh? Can you answer me that?"

"No, Sir, I can not."

"Nor I either," said he, sighing. "Have you been equally neglected inside as out? Have you learned to read?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And to write?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Write my name, then, there, on that piece of paper, and let me see it."

I drew nigh, and wrote in a full, bold hand, Roger Norcott.

"Why not Sir Roger Norcott, boy? Why not give me my name and title too?"

"You said your name, Sir, and I thought—"

"No matter what you thought. This Literalism comes of home-breeding," muttered he to himself; "they are made truthful at the price of being vulgar. What do you know besides reading and writing?"

"A little Latin, Sir, and some French, and some German, and three books of Euclid, and the Greek grammar—"

"There, there, that's more than enough. It will tax your tutor's ingenuity to stub up all this rubbish, and prepare the soil for real acquirement. I was hoping I should see you a savage; a fresh, strong-natured, impulsive savage! What I'm to do with you, with your little peddling knowledge of a score of things, I can't imagine. I'd swear you can neither ride, row, nor fence, never handled a cricket-ball or a single-stick?"

"Quite true, Sir; but I'd like to do every one of them."

"Of course you have been taught music?"

"Yes, Sir; the piano and a little singing."

"That completes it," cried he, flinging his book from him. "They've been preparing you for a traveling circus, while I wanted to make you a gentleman. Mind me now, Sir, and don't expect that I ever repeat my orders to any one. What I say once I mean to be observed. Let your past life be entirely forgotten by you—a thing that had no reality; begin from this day—from this very room—a new existence, which is to have neither link nor tie to what has gone before it. The persons you will see here, their ways, their manners, their tone, will be examples for your imitation; copy them, not servilely, nor indiscriminately, but as you will find how their traits will blend with your own nature. Never tell an untruth, never accept an insult without redress, be slow about forming friendships, and where you hate, hate thoroughly. That's enough for the present. Ask Mr. Eccles to have the kindness to take you to his tailor and order some clothes. You must dine alone till you are suitably dressed. After that you shall come to my table. One thing more and you may go; don't ever approach me with tales or complaints of any one; right yourself where you can, and where you can not, bear your grievance silently. You can change nothing, alter nothing here; you are a guest, but a guest over whom I exercise full control. If you please me it will be well for you; if not, you understand—it will cost me little to tell you so. Go. Go now." He motioned me to leave him, and I went. Straight to my room I went, and sat down at once to write it all to mother. My heart swelled with indignation at the way I had been received, and a hundred times over did I say to myself, that there was no poverty, no hardship I would not face rather than buy a life of splendor on such ignominious terms. Oh, if I could but get back again to the little home I had quitted, how I would bless the hour that restored me to peace of mind and self-respect! As I wrote my indignation warmed with every line. I found that my passion was actually mastering my reason. Better to finish this later on—when I shall be cooler, thought I; and I walked to my window and opened it. There were voices of people speaking in the paddock below, and I leaned over the balcony, and saw the two men I had seen at breakfast, seated on rustic chairs, watching a young horse being broken to the saddle. The well-worn ring in the grass showed that this spot was reserved for such purposes, nor was I displeased to know that such a source of interest lay so near to me.

"Isn't he one of your Mexicans, George?" asked Captain Hotham.

"No, Sir, he's a Hungarian-bred 'un. Master calls him a Jucker, whatever that is."

"Plenty of action, any how."

"A little too much, Sir; that's his fault. He's a-comin' now, and it's all they can do to keep him going over the park paling. Take this one back," said he to the groom, who was ringing a heavy-shouldered, ungainly colt in the ring.

"You'll not gain much credit by that animal, George," said Cleremont, as he lighted a cigar.

"He ain't a beauty, Sir; he's low before, and he's cow-hocked behind; but Sir Roger says he's the best blood in Norfolk. Take care, take care, Sir! the skittish devil never knows where he'll send his hind-legs. Steady, Tom, don't check him: why, he's sweating as if he had been round the two-mile course."

The animal that called for this criticism was a dark chestnut, but so bathed in sweat as to appear almost black. He was one of those cross-breeds between the Arab and the western blood, that gain all the beauty of head and crest and straightly-formed croup, and yet have length of body and depth of rib, denied to the pure Arab. To my thinking he was the most perfect creature I had ever seen, and as he bounded and plunged, there was a supple grace and pliancy about him indescribably beautiful.

George now unloosened the long reins which were attached to the heavy surcingle, and after walking the animal two or three times round the circle, suffered him to go free. As if astonished at his liberty, the young creature stood still for a minute or two, and sniffed the air, and then gave one wild bound and headlong plunge, as though he were going straight into the earth; after which he looked timidly about him, and then walked slowly along in the track worn by the others.

"He's far quieter than the last time I saw him," said Hotham.

"He's gettin' more sense every day, Sir," replied George; "he don't scratch his head with his hind-leg now, Sir, and he don't throw hisself down neither."

"He hasn't given up biting, I see," said Cleremont.

"No, Sir; and they tell me them breed never does: but it's only play, Sir."

"I'll give you six months before you can call him fit to ride, George."

"My name ain't Spunner, Sir, if the young gent as come to-day don't back him in six weeks' time."

"And is it for the boy Norcott intends him?" asked Cleremont of Hotham.

"So he told me yesterday; and though I warned him that he hadn't another boy if that fellow should come to grief, he only said, 'If he's got *my* blood in him, he'll keep his saddle; and if he hasn't, he had better make room for another.'"

"Ain't he a-going beautiful now?" cried George, as the animal swung slowly along at a gentle trot, every step of which was as measured as clock-work.

"You'll have to teach the youngster also, George," said Hotham. "I'm sure he never backed a horse in his life."

"Nay, Sir, he rode very pretty indeed when he was six years old. I didn't put him on a Shelty, or one of the hard-mouthed 'uns, but a nice little lively French mare, that reared up the moment he bore hard on her bit; so that he learned to sit on his beast without holdin' on by the bridle."

"He's a loutish boy," said Cleremont to the captain. "I'll wager what you like they'll not make a horseman of him."

"Eccles says he's a confounded pedant," said the other; "that he wanted to cap Horace with him at breakfast."

"Poor Bob! that wasn't exactly his line; but he'd hold his own in Balzac or Fred Soulié."

"Oh, now I see what Norcott was driving at when he said, 'I wanted the stuff to make a gentleman, and they've sent me the germ of a school-usher.' I said, 'Send him to sea with me. I shall be afloat in March, and I'll take him.'"

"Well, what answer did he make you?"

"It wasn't a civil one," said the other, gruffly. "He said, 'You misapprehend me, Hotham. A sea-captain is only a boatswain in epaulets. I mean the boy to be a gentleman.'"

"And you bore that?"

"Yes. Just as well as you bore his telling you at dinner on Sunday last that a Legation secretary was a cross between an old lady and a clerk in the Customs."

"A man who scatters impertinences broadcast is only known for the merits of his cook or his cellar."

"Both of which are excellent."

"Shall I send him in, Sir?" asked George, as he patted the young horse and caressed him.

"Well, Eccles," cried Hotham, as the tutor lounged lazily up, "what do you say to the mount they're going to put your pupil on?"

"I wish they'd wait a bit. I shall not be ready for orders till next spring, and I'd rather they'd not break his neck before February or March."

"Has Norcott promised you the presentation, Bob?"

"No. He can't make up his mind whether he'll give it to me or to a Plymouth brother, or to that fellow that was taken up at Salford for blasphemy, and who happens to be in full orders."

"With all his enmity to the Established Church, I think he might be satisfied with you," said Cleremont.

"Very neat, and very polite, too," said Eccles; "but that this is the Palace of Truth I might feel nettled."

"Is it, by Jove?" cried Hotham. "Then it must be in the summer months, when the house is shut up. Who has got a strong cigar? these Cubans of Norcott's have no flavor. It must be close on luncheon-time."

"I can't join you, for I've to go into town, and get my young bear trimmed, and his nails cut. 'Make him presentable,' Norcott said, and I've had easier tasks to do."

So saying, Eccles moved off in one direction, while Hotham and Cleremont strolled away in another; and I was left to my own reflections, which were not few.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SHARP PRACTICE—Shaving.

### A CITY EPIGRAM.

Said Tom to Dick, "'Tis strange to see
How few new companies there be!"
Said Dick to Tom, "You might have known
All bubble companies are *blown*."

An Irishman, who lives with a Grahamite, writes to a friend that, if he wants to know what "illigant living" is, he must come to his house, where the breakfast consists of nothing, and the supper of what was left at breakfast.

NOT THE BIRD FOR A SAILOR—A night-in-gale.

A "TRYING" SITUATION—A seat on the bench.

A small child being asked by a Sunday-school teacher "What did the Israelites do after they had crossed the Red Sea?" answered, "I don't know, ma'am; but I guess they dried themselves."

THE LATEST THING OUT—The gas, when it is turned off, and every body has gone to bed.

THE "LATEST" SONG OUT—"We won't go home till morning."

A DISCHARGE WITHOUT A REPORT—A servant dismissed without a character.

A man from the country was accosted by a juvenile Chicago polisher of begrimed understandings with the usual question:

"Black your boots, Sir?"

"No."

"Black 'em for five cents!"

"No."

"I'll do 'em for nothing!"

"All right."

The young hopeful set about his work with great relish, and soon had one boot in bright, shining condition. Then, turning up his face to the blackee, he gravely announced:

"Now, you'll have to give me a quarter to do the other."

That boy will yet be somebody.

### A LESSON ON PHYSICS.

You see her in the merry dance—
She seems to fly,
But you don't see that rapid glance
From her bright eye
Flash through the long and crowded room;
*He* only sees that glance, to whom
It brings extreme felicity;
That's *electricity!*

They dance *together*, full of grace,
She clings so close;
And on his shoulder rests her face—
A blushing rose!
Life in that hour seems doubly sweet,
They see it through a rosy prism;
Their hands so long and often meet;
That's *galvanism!*

The night has come to him, but still
No sleep has brought;
To *her*, though quite against his will,
Flies every thought!
In vain a struggle is with facts;
In vain is all such heroism;
Too powerfully she attracts;
That's *magnetism!*

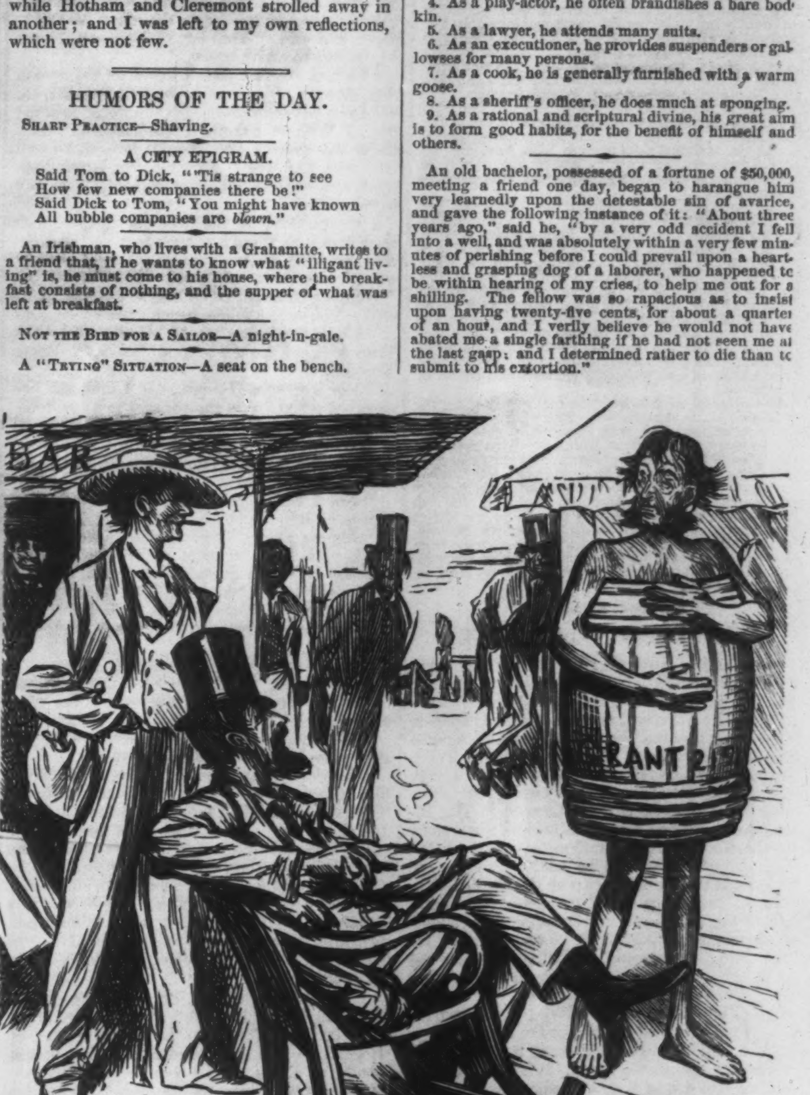
An Irish judge had a habit of begging pardon on every occasion. At the close of the assize, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him that he had not passed sentence of death on one of the criminals, as he had intended. "Dear me!" said his lordship, "I really beg his pardon—bring him in."

### TAILORS DEFENDED.

A tailor possesses the qualities of nine men combined in one, as will be seen by the following observations:

1. As an economist, he cuts his coat according to his cloth.
2. As a gardener, he is careful of his cabbage.
3. As a sailor, he sheers off whenever it is proper.
4. As a play-actor, he often brandishes a bare bodkin.
5. As a lawyer, he attends many suits.
6. As an executioner, he provides suspenders or gallowses for many persons.
7. As a cook, he is generally furnished with a warm goose.
8. As a sheriff's officer, he does much at sponging.
9. As a rational and scriptural divine, his great aim is to form good habits, for the benefit of himself and others.

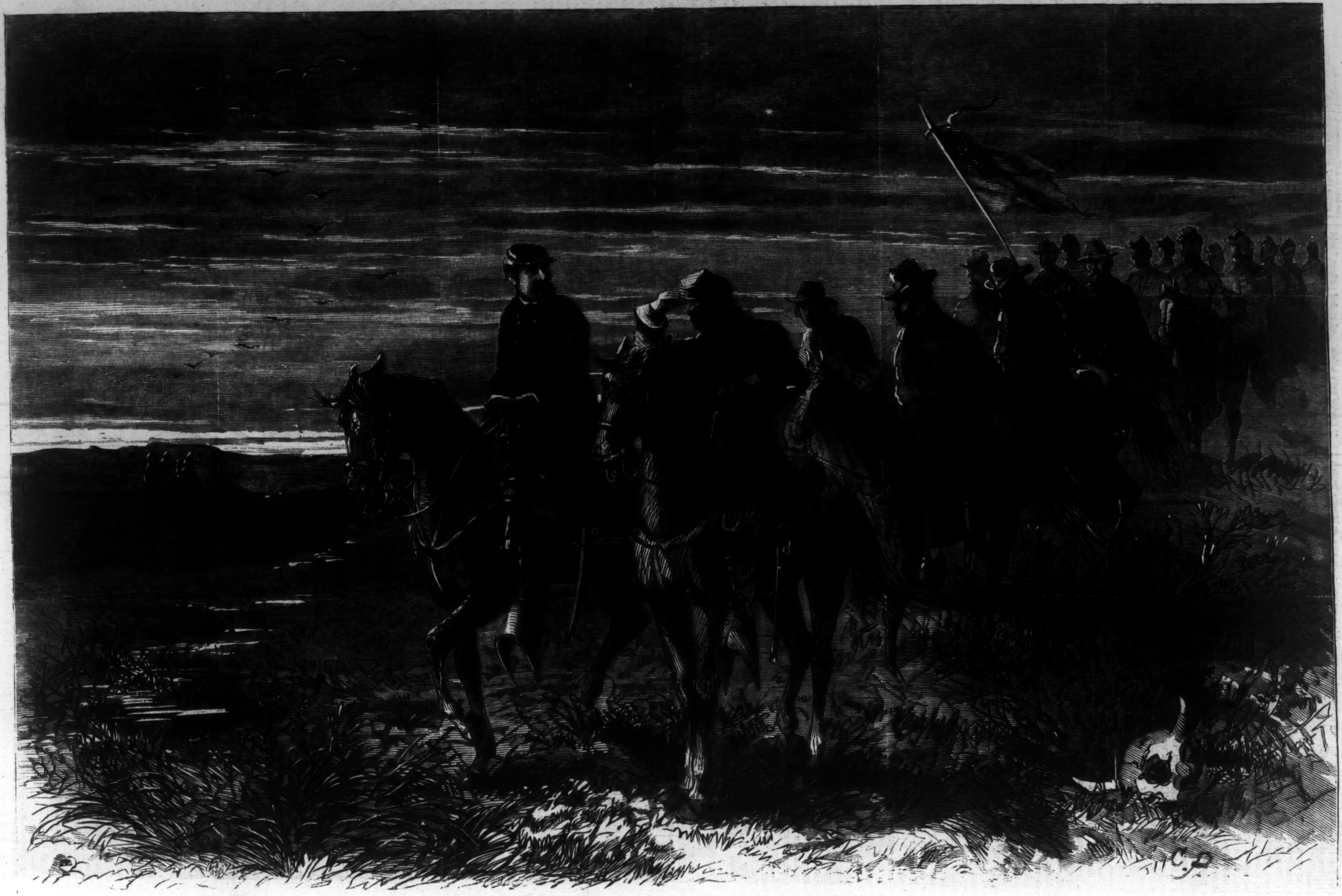
An old bachelor, possessed of a fortune of $50,000, meeting a friend one day, began to harangue him very learnedly upon the detestable sin of avarice, and gave the following instance of it: "About three years ago," said he, "by a very odd accident I fell into a well, and was absolutely within a very few minutes of perishing before I could prevail upon a heartless and grasping dog of a laborer, who happened to be within hearing of my cries, to help me out for a shilling. The fellow was so rapacious as to insist upon having twenty-five cents, for about a quarter of an hour, and I verily believe he would not have abated me a single farthing if he had not seen me at the last gasp; and I determined rather to die than to submit to his extortion."



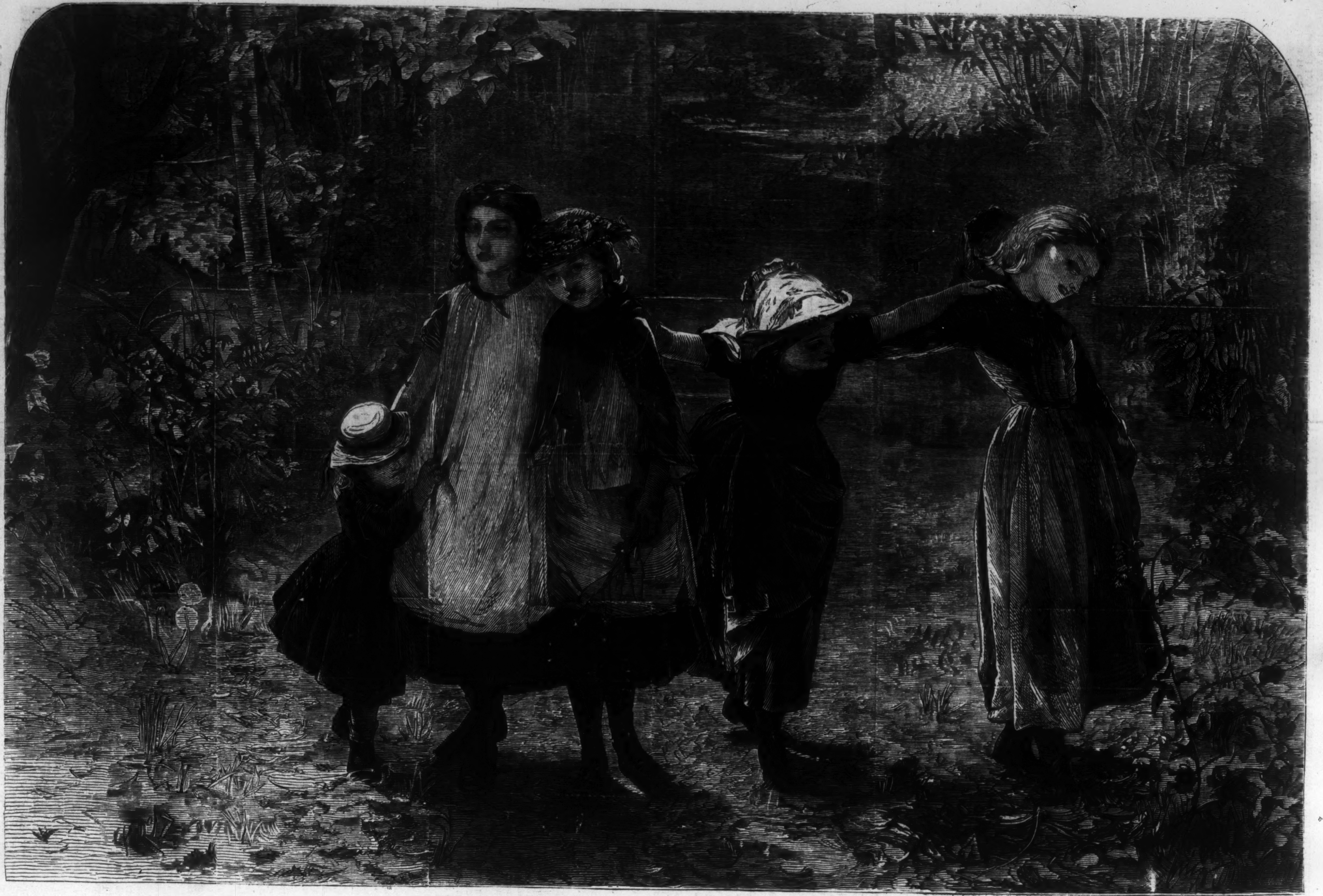
EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

FIRST CITIZEN. "Hullo! General, why what on Airth are you a-doin' of in that there Flour-Bar'l?"

SECOND CITIZEN. "Wa'al, some darned Skunk has been and Stole my Clothes when I was Bathing; but I guess I'll get home very comfortable in this!"



THE INDIAN WAR—SHERIDAN ON THE MOVE.—[SEE PAGE 774.]



HOLIDAY IN THE WOODS.—FROM A PAINTING BY LIONEL SMYTHE.—[SEE PAGE 781.]

# JUDGMENT WANTED.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

I was antipathetic to her at first, in spite of the beauty of her face and form, which no man could deny, and in spite of a deft glibness with her tongue which some men would have appreciated. I was decidedly antipathetic to her, for I thought my aged friend Mr. Wallrond might have done many more efficacious things, when he was bent on bargaining for happiness for the few last years of his life, than marrying this pretty young woman, who had neither connections nor money to bring to the strengthening of the firm of Wallrond, Driver, Coxe, & Co., of which my old friend was the head.

I was going to call him my "esteemed old friend;" but having resolved upon being veracious in all respects save the suppression of real names in this history, I find myself compelled to leave out the word "esteemed" in describing my own sentiments and feelings toward Mr. Wallrond. I did not esteem him, though I liked staying at his splendid house, and enjoyed drinking his splendid wines, and was in fact thoroughly alive to all the advantages to be derived from having the freedom of his *ménage*. Still I did not esteem him. He had been what I—who had once hoped he would leave me a large slice of his fortune—deemed culpably weak in marrying Catherine Hawes, the present Mrs. Wallrond. He was also culpably weak in holding out the brilliant prospects which he did hold out to the two young men his partners, Messrs. Driver and Coxe. Illogical and amiable people might have been deceived into thinking these promises of good provision for them in the future the outpourings of an overflowing generosity. I knew better, and attributed them to that same weakness which had made him marry Catherine Hawes because she was poor and pretty, and there was no one to look after her.

Mr. Wallrond had himself built the house in which they lived, near the big commercial city of which he was a merchant-prince; and after his marriage his wife had named it Wallrond Court. It was a very fine place. There was no more pretentiousness about the name than there was about the place itself. There were finely-proportioned reception-rooms, conservatories, grape-houses, and orangeries, magnificent walled gardens, and unexceptionable stables. And the promoted Catherine Hawes—who had sprung from Heaven knows where, Heaven knows how—presided over all these things well.

She was just the type of woman who requires a certain amount of pomp and glory in her surroundings to set her off and show her properly—a young, elegantly-formed, bright-complexioned brunette, with a pair of the largest, softest, darkest eyes I ever saw in any woman's head. She always looked strong, and full of health and vigor; but she also looked unscrupulous at times, and bold, I thought, at others, and—well, on the whole I did not like her as the mistress of a reputable English mansion.

Wherever she had come from, or whatever she had been, Wallrond Court, and the society round about Wallrond Court, was not enough for her ambition. She was always urging her husband to sell out of the business, and go and live in or near London. But he liked the business, and clung to it; and his beautiful Cleopatra-like wife could not mould her Antony to her wishes in this respect. In spite of my want of sympathy with her generally, and in spite of my not liking her so well as her constant kindness to me ought to have made me like her, I did side with her desire to get to another sphere when I saw the best people she had been able to collect for a dinner-party on the occasion of my last visit to Wallrond Court.

I have said that she was always very kind and attentive to me, and as she was a clever woman, one who had been in good society, and a beautiful object to look at into the bargain, I was not sorry when fate condemned me to spend several hours with her alone one day. It was late in October, fine weather, bright and sunny out of doors, and still just cool enough to make a wood-fire in the large drawing-room very pleasant.

I was sitting by this fire about eleven o'clock in the morning, when Mrs. Wallrond came in with her walking-dress on, and sat down by me. Very well indeed she looked in her walking-dress, a purple velvet dress and jacket trimmed with ermine, an ermine-bound hat perched on the top of her rich brown hair, and an ermine muff in her hand.

"I pity you for being kept from shooting to-day by that," she said, glancing at my right hand, which had been a good deal hurt the day before in a contest with a colt; "I am going out to walk to warm myself. Will you come, Mr. Dysart?"

I rose up gladly to accompany her, saying, "But is it possible you feel cold this bright morning?"

"Yes, I do; quite chilled. See, I have taken up my furs; I had no sleep last night; worry and restlessness stop my pulses, and make me cold."

I regretted both the cause and the effect.

"I *am* worried," she said, walking on very fast as soon as we got outside the house. "I am bepartnered nearly out of such mind as I was originally endowed with. If you hear of my sudden death, attribute it to Driver and Coxe."

"Have they been doing any thing to annoy you?" I asked.

"They annoy me by existing—by existing within my orbit, that is. They annoy me by their exemplary attention to business, by their social spotlessness, and by all their other good qualities which endear them to my husband; they annoy me particularly to-day by coming here to dinner;" she stopped, and the tears started into her eyes, but she hastily brushed them away and went on. "Life has been made up to me lately of Driver and Coxe dining here, and they never dine here but Mr. Wallrond tells them how well they will find he has 'taken care of *them* when he is called from the stage of life.' That is his expression; he doesn't regard, or at any rate he doesn't *sufficiently* regard, what is to become of me when he is called from the stage of life, after having used me to all this."

It was very awkward. I hardly knew what to say to her, because really, from her point of view, there was great justice in what she said. I felt this, though at the same time I knew that Mr. Wallrond had been in the habit of promising a good provision to his young partners from the time of his having taken them, boys, into his office. Feeling this, I said:

"But there is no doubt, there can be no reasonable doubt, that Mr. Wallrond will be found to have provided amply for you."

The remark roused her impatience; she did not betray that it had done so as ladies are apt to do in fiction by stamping her foot, but she showed it in the genuine way in which people do show it in real life. She looked as if she thought me a fool.

"Provided amply for me! I shall feel every thing that is curtailed doubly when I know that I am deprived in order that Messrs. Driver and Coxe may be enriched. You haven't seen those men out of the business yet. Wait till you see them at my table to-night, and sitting about on chairs in their own vulgar way in my drawing-room after dinner, and then tell me if you are surprised at my despising and detesting Driver beyond any one else in the world, and disliking Coxe still more."

"It must be very annoying to you," I said, deprecatingly.

"Annoying to me! It is that. My own people (I have people of my own, though for many reasons they never appear on the surface) thought it no sacrifice when I gave up something like a prospect of happiness and married for splendor. I have had the splendor for three years, and I shall feel myself grossly defrauded when I lose any of it."

"Mr. Wallrond has toiled hard to amass such wealth," I said, in a commonplace way.

"He has, indeed, poor dear old man!" she said, heartily, "and with all my heart and strength I trust he will live long to enjoy it. His life is a valuable one to me."

We walked along over the rustling autumn leaves in silence for some time after she had said this, then she resumed, abruptly:

"I tolerated those abominations (my husband's partners) quietly for a long time, because I had a plan which I have never been permitted to mature—of marrying two of my most stupid sisters to them."

"Have you two sisters?" I asked.

"Two? I have nine!" she answered, scornfully. "Fancy starting in life with the feeling having nine sisters and being poor produces. When I married I made a vow that I would never be-sister my husband's house, so they think me heartless; but I know I am sensible. I had enough of them at home; still, if I could have married off two of them well I would have done it. However, that plan broke down. Driver and Coxe are both going to marry two fat-faced girls, and it's to keep them and their progeny in luxury and comfort that I am to be shorn."

Mrs. Wallrond turned round as she said this, and we walked home without a word more being said about the obnoxious topic. Need it be said after this that I enjoyed the walk home very much more than I had enjoyed the walk out? Mrs. Wallrond recovered her temper, and spoke with delicious frankness of the ways and foibles and follies of her neighbors; and as her neighbors were no friends of mine it would have been hypocritical, as well as hypercritical, had I professed to be offended at her openness.

"They are all dull people here," she said. "The men—as commercial men must be—are up in politics (home politics principally) very well indeed; and they are clear and sharp-sighted about current events, and able to speak about them. But the women: it baffles me to tell you how mindless and tongueless they are before their lords and masters. Really, Mr. Dysart, you may go to many houses here where the table appointments and the dinners and the wines are faultless, and where the mistress couldn't, to save her life, answer a question that did not concern her nursery or her cook. You doubt me now, but to-night you shall judge for yourself; and don't forget to pity me when I retire with the squaws."

When we reached the house she just took her hat off in the drawing-room, and sat singing to me until luncheon was announced. She had a striking voice, and she sang striking songs; none of Claribel's sweet, tender prettinesses, but pulse-thrilling ballads called "Clear and Cool," and "The Irish King's Ride." As I sat and listened to and looked at her, I did not at all regret the accident which had caused me to give up my day's shooting. For once I felt amply compensated for having missed a capital preserve and a perfect brace of pointers.

> "Better he loved each golden curl
> On the brow of that fair Hibernian girl,"

she sang, repeating two lines of the last-named song as she rose from the piano. "*Ay di me*, the Irish King wouldn't have cut his Rose of the Isles short in order to enrich a Driver and a Coxe, after telling her at the altar that 'with *all* his worldly goods he her endowed,' would he, Mr. Dysart?"

I replied that I really couldn't undertake to say how the monarch in question would have conducted himself under the circumstances. And then Mrs. Wallrond staggered me by asking,

"But, judging by yourself, how would you act?"

"I should do whatever you wished me," I said, hurriedly and unguardedly, and I saw that Mrs. Wallrond was making the natural and feminine mistake of attributing my transient admiration to a deeper feeling. She blushed brightly through her pomegranate-hued, charmingly-rounded cheeks, and then changed the conversation abruptly.

"Do mark those men at dinner," she said, laughingly. "See how the bagman crops up in all they do and say; they jerk their thumbs in the direction of what they want, and aid the butler in his endeavors to give them the wine they like best by winking appreciatively at him; and Coxe drops his *h*'s rather; I am inclined to believe an *h* never came near him to be dropped."

So she went on talking about them, sometimes speaking fiercely on the subject of their influence over her husband, sometimes contenting herself with piercing them with that sharp weapon her woman's tongue, which her woman's wit well whetted on this occasion.

The hours went by. I, Arundel Dysart, am free to confess, in spite of all that has happened since to make the confession a painful one, that they went by very pleasantly for me. She was one of a very different order to the "tongueless, mindless" women whom she had described as constituting her present social feminine circle. She had read a good deal, and thought a good deal, and mixed with various people. I began to feel that even without the beauty—the dark-glowing, sparkling beauty which she did undoubtedly possess—even without this she would have been a very charming woman. Perhaps my appreciation of her was heightened by her appreciation of me. Perhaps it was pleasant to my self-love to be recognized as one of her own order of thought on such things, as this lovely woman did recognize me when she was laughing at the inferiority of other men. Whatever it was, it caused me to have a delightful day alone with Mrs. Wallrond.

My host came home about six, and grew earnest with his butler about his wine directly. Whatever the occasion of this dinner, he evidently deemed it an important one. He spoke to Mrs. Wallrond, still lounging by the fire in her walking-dress. "My dear Kate," he said, "are you aware that time is slipping away?"

"We dine at eight—I don't take two hours to dress," she said, curtly. However, she got up and left the room, and I saw her no more till I went into the drawing-room just as dinner was announced.

Mrs. Wallrond really looked magnificent enough to be justified in any number of great expectations which she might have formed, however unreasonable these might appear to people who are not won by beauty. She carried out the "one-colored" artistic idea charmingly in her toilet. She had pearls about her neck and arms—royal-looking pearls they were too—and a double string of them hooked up some lace which was arranged as scarf and tunic all in one, over her inimitable shoulders and train. All the color and relief that was given to the silver shade of her costume was given by her flashing eyes and rich dark brown hair, and the clear, glorious crimson that kept mantling up into her face. Old Mr. Wallrond was very proud of his superb wife that night—proud of her beauty, and of the way he enabled her to set off that beauty. And well he might have been, for she put out all the women, and made them look the pale, uninteresting creatures they were, even in the eyes of their own men. She gave me one glance as I entered, and then her gaze went like lightning round the room, as if she was bidding me observe that this was what she had to endure in the present, and *these* were the men for whom she was to be shorn in the future. I read her glance aright; following it, my own lighted on Mr. Driver and Mr. Coxe.

The former was a plump, liquid-eyed, amiable-looking man, with a florid face and a turn-up nose and fat hands. He wore a great deal of waistcoat and embroidered shirt-front, and seemed to feel depressed and motiveless. The other was a little thin-faced fellow, with straggling hair and whiskers of the same gingery hue. The young ladies to whom they were respectively to be allied were seated near them, giggling a good deal whenever they looked at each other, and endeavoring to convey disparagement of Mrs. Wallrond in their inexpressive looks toward their future husbands. There were additionally four or five married couples, men and women so much alike that nothing of them need be traced here, and a small bevy of young men who had strengthened themselves for this part of the ordeal by coming primed with the latest telegrams.

I made my way to my hostess at once, and she inclined her head toward me and murmured:

"Mr. Dysart, you are to take me in," and though I regarded this as my right only, I being of a higher order than these men of money, still there was something in her cool way of putting me, the younger man, to the fore, that made me flush. Could it be that I was falling in love with my beautiful antipathy, and she with me? I hoped not, and felt guilty.

We went into dinner, and good as it was I need not dwell upon it long here. The viands were admirable, the attendance perfect, the wine worth speaking about (and a great deal was spoken about it), and the women were speechless. Mrs. Wallrond did not put her imperially-beautiful self out in the endeavor to entertain them. She kept on leading me to look at the many solecisms which were perpetrated by Mr. Driver and Mr. Coxe. This she did intentionally; what she did unintentionally was to lead me to look at the anxiety she could not conceal when the wine went round freely, and Mr. Wallrond drank freely of it. I remembered what she had said about his life being valuable to her, and I gathered from her anxiety that wine was not good for him.

By-and-by it transpired, I don't know how exactly, that this was a celebration dinner. It was in honor of the recently-ratified engagement, and the speedily-approaching marriage, of Mr. Coxe with one of the undesirable young ladies at the table. Mr. Wallrond spoke of the event with emotion. The gist of his observations was to the effect that he should make it his care that his young friends should not in their early married days have to struggle to make two ends meet in the same exhausting way in which the first Mrs. Wallrond and himself had been compelled to struggle. This was the marrow and fatness of a vast amount of effusive and enthusiastic talk. Mr. Coxe tried to look as if he only expected a small legacy; and only succeeded in making every ginger-colored hair on his head and face express his firm belief in having a large fortune. And Mr. Driver tried not to look sulky at there being no public demonstration in his honor this day, and failed in his attempt as signally as did his junior partner.

In time Mrs. Wallrond swept the ladies away before her. In time the sitting over the wine, and the even drearier time in the drawing-room, came to an end. Mrs. Wallrond would not sing. "It's not my vocation to sing and amuse people I don't like," she said, when I asked her; "let them do it; they'll murder something, and then ask each other if they don't remember that Patti sang that when she was here last, or Titiens sang it the time before. Oh dear! delightful evening, isn't it?"

I could not say that it was, and I was honestly glad when it ended. I went to bed tired out with the dinner and the guests, and the pain in my hand, which was beginning to develop signs of inflammation. My fatigue soon sent me to sleep, and I fell into confused dreams, from which I constantly started broad awake and frightened. I accounted for these satisfactorily in my own mind by telling myself that I had lately been reading a most perplexing number of a recent "sensation" novel. But though the cause was obvious enough, the effect was annoying. This feverish restlessness caused by my hand would react savagely upon my hand, and prevent my going out shooting the following day, when old Wallrond, or some one else, had arranged a capital battue-party to meet on the shivering sands. Here I lost the thread utterly, and must have fallen asleep.

For how long I do not know. I was roused up by an ejaculation of terror, and by the bursting open of my door. My lamp was burning dimly; still, by its light I made out the outline of the intruder, and recognized Mrs. Wallrond.

"Get up at once!" she shouted; "my husband is dying. I've roused the house. Come quickly!"

I followed her without delay as she turned and fled through the corridor and the serried ranks of frightened servants to her own bedroom. We went in. Mr. Wallrond, supported by the old butler, was on the bed.

"Send for doctors," I said, as I walked up and put my hand on his heart. Then I knew that the doctors would be of no avail, let them come when they would. Mr. Wallrond was dead.

Her grief was supreme. It was not only the loss of a husband who had been generous and kind to her that she mourned, but it was the loss of the wealth and luxury she loved which nearly distracted her. Mr. Wallrond had died in a fit suddenly—a fit that had been brought on by overexcitement, they said; but one of the medical men told me privately that "it was the port-wine did it."

I saw her the next day, and perceived that she was burned up with fever and anxiety.

"He made a will some time ago," she began; "and his own lawyer saw that it was properly witnessed. He would draw it up himself. How *has* he left things, I wonder? Oh, I wish I knew! Oh, I wish I had routed those wretches, those mean, vulgar wretches, from their place in his liking while the time was my own!"

She was not a woman to be consoled by condolences or by æsthetic talk. Knowing this, I did not attempt either, but just suffered her to rage herself tired, which she shortly did. I left her sobbing bitterly among the sofa-cushions, declaring that "life wouldn't be worth having if he had done as he often said he would, namely, not put temptation in a woman's path by leaving too much wealth in her power."

I did not see her again for a few days. When we met, I was enchanted to find how much better and calmer she appeared. "I have spent several hours daily in the room by my husband's dead body, Mr. Dysart," she said, solemnly; "and I believe I'm a better and a happier woman for having done so." But even as she avowed herself to be a better and a happier woman, she shuddered and turned paler than I had thought it possible the brilliant-faced Mrs. Wallrond could ever look.

I gathered from other sources that "she had her fancies, poor bereft creature," about the coffin. She had insisted on having a large plate-glass cross let into the top of it; and she declared that it should not be fastened down until a few minutes before it was taken out of the house. "They all think me mad about it, I believe," she said to me when the day came and the funeral guests. "But I must be in that room alone for a little time, Mr. Dysart, and then I shall stay there while they fasten him out of my sight forever; see, I have made this cross to lay on his breast under the glass." As Mrs. Wallrond spoke she called my attention to a very exquisitely-made cross of dark purple, crimson, and white flowers, which she had executed herself. "After all, she did love him," I thought, as she disappeared within the chamber of death.

I went into the room where those who were to attend the funeral were assembled. Mr. Driver and Mr. Coxe were there, trying to look humble and unhappy, and failing wholly. "We are a little behind time," Mr. Coxe said to me as I approached them, "a little behind time already," he repeated, impatiently; and I snubbed him by my manner as I answered:

"The widow must not be disturbed; she is mistress here, you must remember."

Presently the undertaker's men were summoned, and they went in, and put on and fastened down the coffin-lid, and then put it into an outer and stronger coffin, and soldered that down securely, she standing by and seeing it all done; "the brave creature," I called her then. Then she came out, and I met her and conducted her to her own sitting-room. The color had come back to her face, and the light was living in her eyes again.

"Oh, Mr. Dysart," she said, as she sat down, "it was hard to do it, but I am so glad that I conquered my feelings and staid there with him to the last. I feel strong enough to bear whatever there is for me to hear when the will is read. If I am left a pauper, I am resigned."

When the funeral was over we all came back to hear the will read; and as soon as we were assembled, Mr. Clay, the lawyer, who evidently thought he had an unpleasant task before him, asked if some one would summon the widow. I went and fetched her. She came in leaning on my arm, and I was glad to see, in proof of her spirit being chastened, that she did not glare at Messrs. Driver and Coxe. She sat down while Mr. Clay explained "that after the sudden death—the awfully-sudden death of his friend and client, he, Mr. Clay, had searched for the will unsuccessfully for three days. At the end of that time he had found it in a drawer in deceased's bedroom, and had recognized it as the same one he had seen executed (not drawn up) some short time since. At least, he had recognized its exterior aspect. Of its contents he was as ignorant as every one else present." Here Mr. Driver and Mr. Coxe looked more humble and unhappy than ever; but I was delighted to see that she had sufficient self-command and self-respect not to notice them. Amidst the most profound silence Mr. Clay opened the will. Amidst the rustle of a faint movement and faint mutterings among us, he dropped it, picked it up again, and tried to read it. Only Mrs. Wallrond watched him with steady eyes.

"Tell him I am not afraid to hear the worst," she said to me; and then Mr. Clay stammered out in concise but perfectly legal phraseology, the fact that Mr. Wallrond had devised every thing he possessed in the world to his beloved wife Catherine unconditionally. It was very differently expected by Messrs. Driver and Coxe and Mr. Clay. The disappointed men gazed at the attesting signatures, and could not dispute the validity of the will. I was heartily glad when at length the house was cleared of them all, and I was left alone with the lady.

She was so grandly glad that it had all "turned out so," as she phrased it; "it was a reward," she said, "for the way she had devoted herself to her husband, even after he was dead and unconscious of such devotion." And I believed her; and condemned myself for that lack of faith in her which had made me distrust the wisdom of the step my old friend had taken in marrying her.

I soon did more than believe her and condemn myself. I loved her; and vainly tried absence, change of scene and society, and other certain cures which short-sighted mortals who hadn't seen her suggested to me. Finally, about seven months after the events recorded, I went back to Wallrond Court, determined to win my widow without delay. I saw at once that she knew what had brought me—the clever creature—and that she was glad of the cause. A good deal of the brightness of her beauty and spirits was gone, and it seemed to me that she was still unreasonably restless and unhappy.

"And do you know what they say, and what we all believe is the cause?" Coxe, that evil genius of hers, whispered to me the night before the day I intended taking the plunge. "We can't prove it, of course—the coffin can't be opened on mere suspicion, especially as the will proved bears what we can't swear aren't genuine signatures—"

"Get on, man," I hastily interrupted; "what do 'they say' and you hint?"

"Why, that she wasn't in that room so many hours for nothing, and that the real will lies buried in our old friend's coffin, unless she took the more obvious course and burned it," he said, straightening himself and looking at me.

I did not marry her, for I could not help recalling sundry ghastly evidences of guilt. She was not surprised when I bade her farewell after Coxe's conversation; and we parted and shall never meet again. But judgment and power to cause this mystery to be cleared are sorely needed.

## THE LAND OF EARTHQUAKES.

THE Spaniards in South America were not without early intimation of the insecurity of the soil. Lima was founded in 1535, under the high-sounding title of Ciudad de los Reyes, or City of the Kings, since altered to its present name. In 1582 Lima had its first recorded attack of earthquake. The centre of the shock, however, was lower down along the coast, in the neighborhood of Arequipa, founded by Pizarro some twelve months after the establishment of Lima. Arequipa was laid in ruins then as now; but Lima escaped with a warning. Lima's turn, however, was not long in coming. Four years afterward it was laid prostrate; and so great was the catastrophe, even in that land of catastrophes, that the anniversary of that destruction is solemnly commemorated to the present time, on the day of the Visitation of Elizabeth. Lima had its third attack in 1609. In November, 1630, there was another earthquake; but so many of the citizens contrived to escape that they, then and there, instituted the Festival of Nuestra Señora del Melagro, which is celebrated annually to this day.

Thenceforth, earthquake and city may be truly said to have entered into contest for possession of the soil. Earthquake returned to the charge in 1655 with such violence that, for the first time, the citizens camped for several days in the country districts around. When they returned they found no stone standing on another; nevertheless the city rose again. After this there was no earthquake for some twenty years. Again, ten years later, in 1687, at four o'clock in the morning, houses and public edifices came tumbling down without the least previous intimation: the inhabitants, as usual, rushing into the squares and open spaces. The miserable consolation, however, of looking on in safety was this time denied them. At six in the morning the earthquake repeated its attack with renewed vigor, and the sea, retiring and rising in a wall of inky waters—as it did in the great earthquake of this year—dashed back with overwhelming force over the land. Callao, which had arisen as the port of Lima, a few miles from it, was entirely destroyed, and most of the inhabitants were carried away by the receding waters. The local records, preserved to us by Don Antonio de Ulloa, captain of his most Christian majesty's navy, mention this as the most disastrous visitation to that date. December, 1690, September, 1697, July, 1699, February, 1716, January, 1725, December, 1732, were all earthquake months in Lima. In 1734 and 1745 there were more earthquakes. On the 28th of October, 1746, at half past ten at night, the first shock was felt of another earthquake, and within the space of three minutes all the buildings in the city, great and small, public and private, were heaps of ruins, burying with them those inhabitants who had not been quick enough in escaping to the squares. Then succeeded a moment's calm, as when the heavy ordnance has opened the battle, and the lighter, but more numerous, musketry prepares to follow. Soon it began again, and the houseless, homeless inhabitants counted two hundred distinct shocks within the following twenty-four hours. These shocks continued until the February of the following year, and were computed at four hundred and fifty in all. On this occasion the port of Callao sank quite down below the level of the sea. Nothing was left standing save a piece of wall belonging to the fort of Santa Cruz, on which twenty-two persons contrived to save themselves. Of the twenty-three ships then in port, nineteen were wholly sunk, and the remaining four carried a considerable distance inland. Of the four thousand inhabitants, which the port of Callao then numbered, only two hundred survived. In Lima thirteen hundred dead bodies were excavated from the ruins, exclusive of great numbers of maimed, who afterward died of their hurts. Commander Wilkes, of the United States exploring expedition of 1849, was able in that year to define the site of the old port of Callao beneath the sea.

So much for Lima. Let us next take the case of Caracas, chief city of the Republic of Venezuela.

Ascension Day, 1812, rose fair and bright in that city. The air was calm—the sky unclouded: it is an error to suppose that earthquakes are usually accompanied or preceded by any threatening appearance of the elements. Large numbers of the inhabitants were at church, in attendance on the services of the day. Suddenly the bells tolled without touch of mortal hand: this was the first intimation of the earthquake, which almost simultaneously was upon the unhappy people. The movement of the earth—as in the late wide-spread catastrophe—was from north to south, with transverse jerks from east to west. These cross agitations of the surface, occurring with extreme rapidity, instantly prostrated every thing animate and inanimate. The inhabitants were unable to crawl to the church-doors, and those vast churches, which are characteristic of all South American cities, from the largest to the smallest, descended in ruins around them. Ten thousand persons are said to have been killed in the churches alone. The churches of La Trinidad and Alta Gracia, more than one hundred and fifty feet in height, with naves supported by pillars of twelve and fifteen feet in diameter, were reduced to masses of ruin little more than a man's height. In the barracks a regiment of soldiers had just been drawn up under arms, ready to form part of a procession that was to take place after divine service. Scarcely a man of them was left. And all this was the work of a single minute. From the first tolling of a bell to the falling of the last stone of the city of Caracas, one minute only elapsed. Many thousand persons were maimed and wounded, for whom there was no shelter, no medicine, no food, scarcely a drop of water. There were not even implements wherewith to extricate them from the ruins which lay upon them. The survivors dug out with their fingers two thousand of their crushed fellow-citizens who had still some life remaining in them. The shock had broken the pipes conveying water; the falling in of the earth had choked up the springs which supplied them; there were no utensils in which to carry water from the river. The wounded and sick were carried to the river's bank, and there left under such protection as the foliage afforded. The night, we are told, rose calm and serene; the round, full moon shone over the sad labors of the survivors. Mothers still carried their dead children about, refusing to believe that life had entirely fled. Troops of relatives and friends sought for missing ones up and down streets now to be traced only by long lines of ruins. A sterner duty yet remained. Twelve thousand dead bodies lay around, and decomposition within the tropics may be said to begin at the moment of death. There were no means of digging graves; the bodies must be burned, and that at once. Bands of citizens were set apart for this duty. Vast piles of timber from the ruins of their homes were raised at frequent intervals; bodies of fathers, husbands, wives, children were laid on them; and soon the whole sky was lighted with these awful flames. This lasted for several days, during which the survivors strictly devoted themselves to religious exercises. Some sang hymns; others confessed crimes of which they had never been suspected; numbers made what compensation was in their power.

Narratives as sad could be taken from Santiago (1730); Riobamba, near Quito (1797); Conception (1835); New Granada (1837). Caracas soon rose from its ruins, and is now a handsome city of some fifty thousand inhabitants. As far as accounts inform us it has escaped the catastrophe of 1868.

Up to the present time scientific witnesses assure us that little faith is to be reposed in those appearances which superstition commonly connects with earthquakes. One scientific person indeed—for as such we must account a professor of mathematics in the University of Lima, then the most famous seat of learning on the whole of the American continent—published in 1727 a work entitled "L'Horloge Astronomique des Tremblemens de Terre," or Astronomical Dial of the Earthquakes, in which he marked out the fatal hours in which they might be apprehended. But, as we have already seen, it did not help toward the saving of his fellow-citizens during the frequent attacks to which Lima has been subjected. In truth, earthquakes occur indifferently at all hours of the twenty-four, and at all periods of the year. The circumstances and surroundings which accompany them on some occasions are absolutely wanting in others. The subterranean sounds (bramidos) which at ordinary periods accompany great earthquakes, can not be said to be essentially connected with them. There may be earthquake without the peculiar rumblings, and the peculiar rumblings without earthquake. Thus the earthquake of the 4th of February, 1797, which destroyed Riobamba, and which Humboldt called "one of the most fearful phenomena recorded in the physical history of our planet," was unaccompanied by any subterranean noise whatever. Again, in the elevated table-land of Guanaxuato, subterranean thunderings began about midnight of the 9th January, 1784, and continued without intermission for the space of a whole month, without any disturbing motion of the earth. The city lies among some of the richest silver mines in the world, and large quantities of silver, in bars, were stored within it. Nevertheless, the inhabitants forsook all, expecting the earthquake to be upon them every moment. But, within the city, there was no earthquake; and, at the bottom of the deepest mines, one thousand six hundred feet underground, no shock was felt.

The earth movement appears to vary considerably. It has been already mentioned as occurring from north to south, with quick transverse jerks from east to west. But this is by no means always the case. The movement is sometimes upward, sometimes rotary. In the earthquake near Quito, already referred to, many bodies of inhabitants were thrown into the air: some being found on the hill of Cauca, several hundred feet in height, and on the opposite side of the river. A sailor in mid-ocean was violently flung into the rigging from the deck, as if a mine had exploded under the ship. In other instances walls are observed to be twisted, although not thrown down; and rows of trees will be turned from their previous parallel direction. Stranger still is the facility with which objects on the surface of the earth have been found to shift from one place to another. The furniture of one house has been found on the ruins of a neighbor's; and, at Quito, the council of justice had, in many cases, to decide on the ownership of property, even including fields and growing crops, which had thus shifted their positions without sustaining much apparent injury.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AMERICANS are not naturally a polite people. They have energy, ingenuity, industry, and many valuable characteristics; but they seem to feel that it is not worth while to waste time or words in being *polite*. An American gentleman traveling in Europe contrasts the business manners of the Russians with those of New Yorkers, giving an instance in his own experience. On going to his bankers' in St. Petersburg, he was shown to a seat, his letter of credit taken by a clerk to one of the firm, who immediately came out from his office, and after a few complimentary inquiries asked him what he could do for him, and in a few minutes the business was done. He retired as if from a friendly interview. On going to a banking-house in New York, he presented his business papers to a clerk, who took them without looking at them, being engaged in a rattling conversation with a companion. At length glancing at them, he pointed with his pen to another desk, saying, "Across the way." The gentleman, who had called to pay the house a bill, went to the other side of the room, and after standing ten or fifteen minutes, obtained attention from one of the clerks, and concluded the business. "There was not a word said," he remarked, "that might be called disrespectful, but there was a total want of 'manners.' In Bædeker's Hand-book for Travelers in Paris, is this significant remark: "To insure civility from servants, officials, and others the traveler in France is cautioned not to omit the inevitable '*s'il vous plait*,' when making a request, or even when ordering refreshments at a café or restaurant." The French are habitually polite, and marvel at the apparent rudeness of foreigners.

A year ago last August the now famous Howland Will-case was brought before the United States Circuit Court in Boston. The details were then fully laid before the public, which, of course, was deeply interested in the result of a cause involving so much property, especially as the plaintiff was herself a millionaire. The Court, after having taken something like fourteen months to make up its opinion, has now decided that there is no competent evidence that such an agreement was ever made between Miss Sylvia Ann Howland and Miss Hetty Robinson (now Mrs. Green) as would annul the last will of the former lady. So the question of forgery, upon which much of the legal interest of the trial depended, has fallen to the ground. It is said an appeal will be made to the United States Supreme Court; but it is not probable the result can be changed.

The *Herald* a few days ago published the following list of public offices said to be held by Irish Roman Catholics in New York city:

Sheriff,
Register,
Controller,
City Chamberlain,
Corporation Counsel,
Police Commissioner,
President of the Croton Board,
Acting Mayor and President of the Board of Aldermen,
President of the Board of Councilmen,
Clerk of the Common Council,
Clerk of the Board of Councilmen,
President of the Board of Supervisors,
Five Justices of the Courts of Record,
All the Civil Justices,
All but two of the Police Justices,
All the police court Clerks,
Three out of four Coroners,
Two Members of Congress,
Three out of five State Senators,
Eighteen out of twenty-one Members of Assembly,
Fourteen-nineteenths of the Common Council, and
Eight-tenths of the Supervisors.

This vast political power is believed to be used in the interests of the Papal Church, securing for its institutions immense grants of valuable real estate from the city as well as large sums of money. The church thus in the first place controls the taxation of city property, and then the appropriation of the millions of revenue received from taxation. It wields the entire legislative power of the city, nine-elevenths of the city's representation in the State Assembly, and three-fifths of its influence in the Senate; it controls all our civil courts, all but two of our police courts, and three-fourths of our Coroners; and under its all potent influence are our Acting Mayor, our Sheriff, our Register, our Controller, our City Chamberlain, the President and fourteen-nineteenths of our Board of Councilmen, and the President and eight-tenths of our Board of Supervisors. The Roman Catholics are said to control and manage the Democratic party.

Velocipedes continue to interest the public, and occasionally the exhibition of one in swift motion on Broadway or in the Central Park attracts all eyes. Somebody earnestly recommends velocipedes on the ground that the cost of keeping a horse a year would buy velocipedes for a whole family—a *large* family, we suppose. Many inventive minds have been, and still are, busy in designing models of these curious vehicles, which shall combine the greatest possible safety and comfort. A marine velocipede has been constructed in Paris, which is said to ride over the water in a charming manner. The slightest movement of the foot turns it, it is not easily upset, and the whole machine is managed in a very simple manner. Evidently horses and boats will soon be at a discount.

Why is coal so enormously high? There is plenty of it in the world. It is estimated that within four years eighteen billions of tons of coal have been discovered in Russia.

It is a singular coincidence that Gioacchino Rossini and Baron James Rothschild—two men whose careers have been so noted, though in different ways—were born in the same year—1792—within two months of each other, and that Rothschild died two days after Rossini. Baron James Rothschild was the fourth son of Meyer Anselm Rothschild, a German banker of the Jewish race. He went to Paris in 1812, the same year in which his father died; his four brothers resided in other cities, but they all constituted one firm, in which they all had an equal interest, while it was conducted under five branches. This great banking-house has long furnished loans to many of the European states as they have required. Their wonderful success and great wealth is, no doubt, in part due to the fact that the Rothschilds have followed the advice of their father, who, with his dying breath, enjoined on them the necessity of an inviolable union. The title of Baron was received from Austria, in acknowledgment of the promptness and courtesy with which the Rothschilds responded to an application for a loan in 1813. A son of Baron James becomes heir to his immense wealth.

Frederic William Dickens, latest surviving brother of Charles Dickens, died a few weeks ago at Darlington, England. He was a genial, good-humored gentleman, with a ready fund of anecdote, and was a general favorite in society.

Some of the residents of New Jersey believe they have experienced shocks of earthquakes; but there has been, as yet, no general shake in this vicinity. If there is, however, it will seem to confirm the theory of Professor S. M. Thorpe of Nebraska College, which he has recently stated he propounded months ago, on the first announcement of an eruption of Vesuvius. His theory was that a vast mass of the crust of the earth, under the West Indies, having, by some means, become detached, had fallen into the burning mass below, and had given rise to the antecedent disturbances in St. Thomas and vicinity; that the shock had sent rolling eastward an irresistible, although sluggish ocean of lava, seeking a vent; that the eruption of Vesuvius was the first demonstration, and that the various outlets of the globe, especially in the line of march, would in regular succession of time give similar tokens of the surging commotion beneath them. Moreover, Professor Thorpe says that he warned the inhabitants of San Francisco that they would experience the effects of this rolling wave of fire; and he also anticipated the Atlantic coast, from New York, southward, would feel some slight effects from the same wave.

An excellent physician of a certain city in Vermont, while driving into town on election morning, was hailed by a friend with the question if he had voted.

"Not yet," said the doctor; "but I have been out all night after a voter. I got him too."

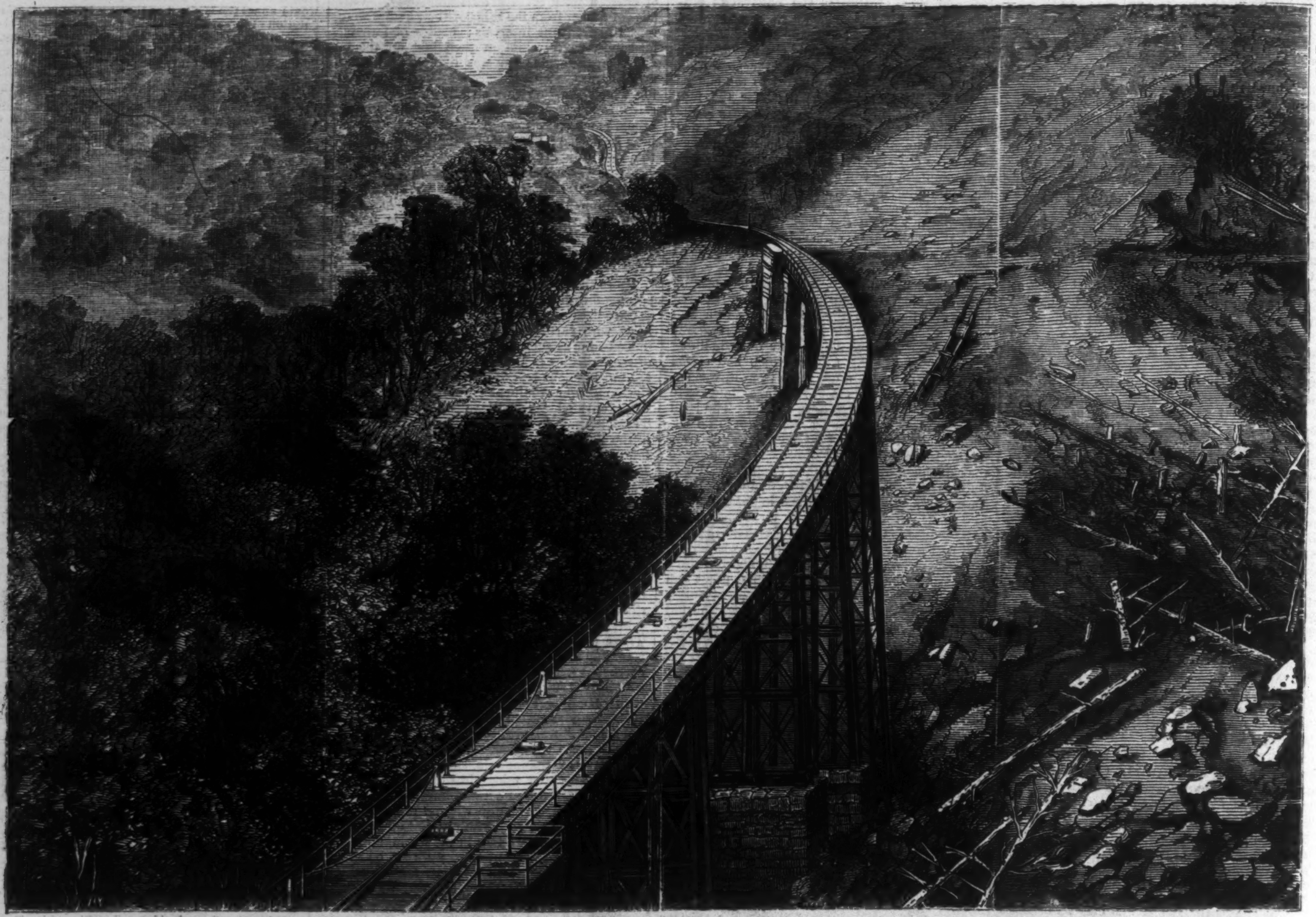
"When will he vote?"

"Oh, about twenty-one years from now."

"Ah—I see. Not bad. Well, look after him, doctor, and see that he votes right."

"No fear. He can't go wrong with the name he's got. His father is a Democrat, but when I told him he had got a boy, and asked him what he would name him, he said: 'Ulysses Grant, by thunder.' So he'll do."

An Eastern paper describes a house recently built in Brownsville, Maine, which is not only shingled, but clapboarded with slate. The slates are put on to the boarding of the walls with only paper between. They are in the form of segments of a circle overlapping each other, and have a very ornamental effect. The natural color of the slate is pleasing to the eye, and no paint is needed. The whole establishment is elegant in appearance, and shows what can be done with native materials. The front steps are of beautiful slabs of slate; the sinks, mantles, shelves, are of slate; the wood-work is of brown ash, a native wood, which makes a handsome finish.



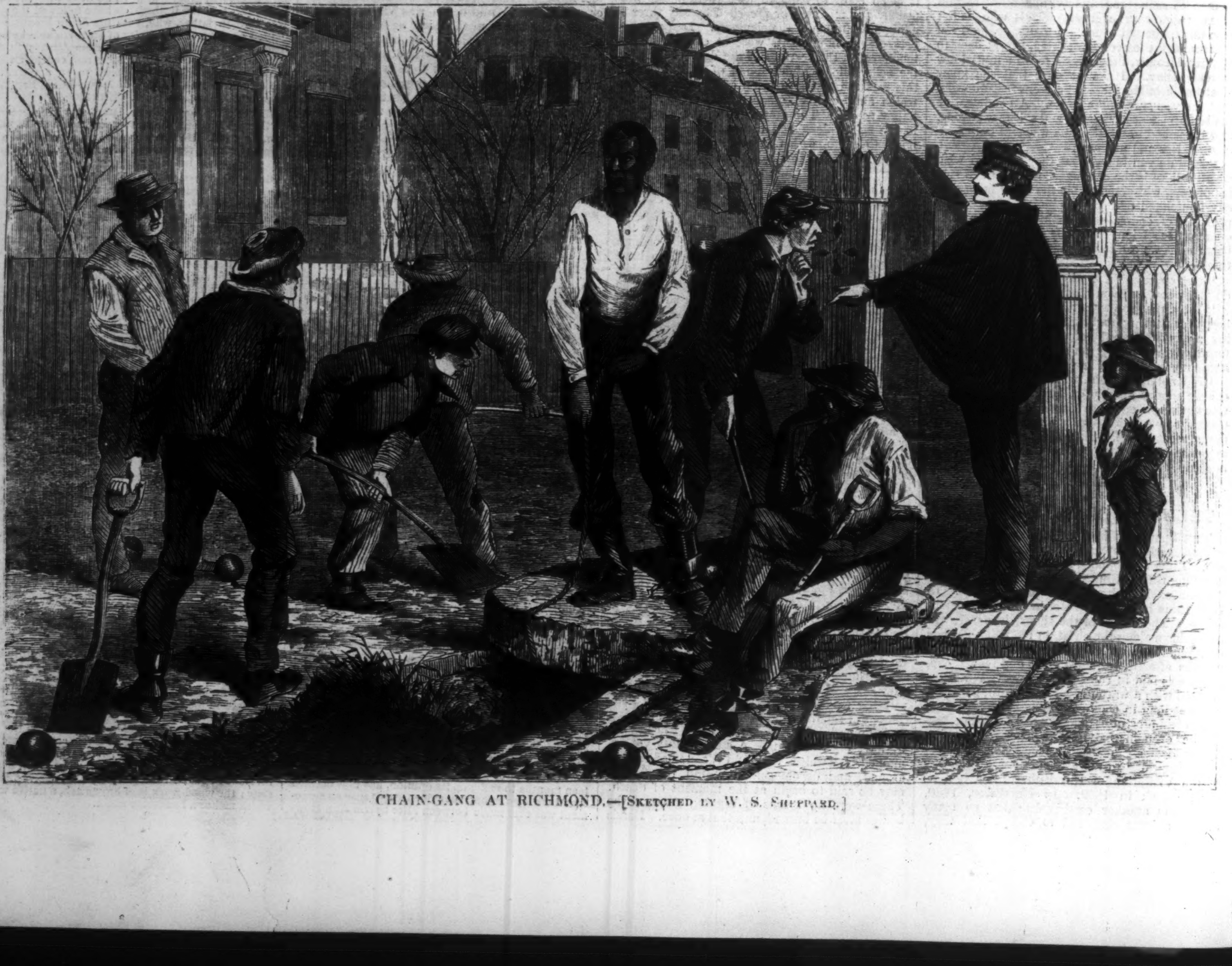
THE SERRA VIADUCT, ST. PAUL'S RAILROAD, BRAZIL.

## RICHMOND CHAIN-GANG.

**Offensive** as it is to the eye, one is quite tempted by the condition of our New York streets to wish that the Southern custom which our artist illustrates was almost universal. In various Southern cities the municipal authorities are authorized to employ all petty thieves under conviction in the cleaning of the streets; and, chained in gangs and watched by a detail of policemen, they serve in place of our street-scavengers.

## ST. PAUL'S RAILROAD, BRAZIL.

**The** St. Paul's Railway in Brazil is one of the wonders of modern engineering. Starting from the port of Santos, 250 miles south of Rio de Janeiro, it makes its way across the marshes intervening between the sea and the foot of the Serra, for a distance of twelve miles, to the broad opening of a deep gorge, where it essays its ascent to the summit of this natural obstacle by a series of four planes on a grade of one in ten. Four large Cornish engines, by means of a steel wire rope running over revolving bearings, draw the cars through deep cuttings, over high embankments and gigantic viaducts thrown across gaping ravines, and around curves, to the top of the Serra, upward of 2500 feet above the level of the sea. Here the locomotive takes the train through alternate plain and runs over the elevated plateau to St. Paul's, a city with 40,000 inhabitants, fifty miles from Santos; thence through a more rugged region, by bridge, embankment, cutting, and tunnel, to the town of



CHAIN-GANG AT RICHMOND.—[Sketched by W. S. Sheppard.]

Jundiahy, forty miles from St. Paul's, where it stops for the present until an extension is built to the city of Campinos, twenty-five miles further, and just in the basin which is the best coffee-ground in Brazil.

This road, as far as Jundiahy, was built by an English company, to which the Brazilian Government guarantees 7½ per cent. on the investment, which amounts to nearly two millions sterling. The two chief engineers were Mr. JAMES BRUNLEES, resident in England, and Mr. DANIEL FOX, resident in Brazil. The new Empire is indebted to the science and skill of these gentlemen for the completion of this most important work. Much of the actual work was intrusted to the skill of experienced American contractors. Messrs. D. H. SAMPSON, SAMUEL DRIESBACK, O. C. JAMES, and Dr. REINHART are among those of our countrymen who have been connected with it.

The iron viaduct in the Serra, represented in our engraving, crosses a ravine more than 1000 feet wide and 350 feet deep.

## THE HOOSAC TUNNEL.

THE object sought for in the construction of the Hoosac Tunnel and Troy and Boston Railroad was a more direct route from Boston to the West *via* Troy and the New York Central Railroad than is now afforded by the Western Railroad.

The distance from Boston to Schenectady, *via* the Tunnel and Troy, is 210 miles—*via* Western Railroad and Albany 218 miles, a saving by the former route of eight miles; but the *grades* of the tunnel line being much less than those of the Western road, give the former an average load of 102 tons to 87 tons for the latter.

The length of the tunnel will be 25,031 feet, or about 4¾ miles.

The altitude of the Hoosac Mountain, immediately over the tunnel, is 2510 feet above tide-water at Troy, the height of the mountain above the tunnel at the same point is 1718 feet.

On the 28th of October connection was made between the west end and the west shaft, so that on that side there is now excavated 4000 feet of Tunnel and Heading; while on the east side there is completed 5283 feet, making a total of 9283 feet of lineal excavation, 15,748 feet being yet unbroken.

There are two principal shafts—the west shaft 318 feet in depth, and the central of 1637 feet. This latter is not finished, a depth of about 600 feet only having been attained.

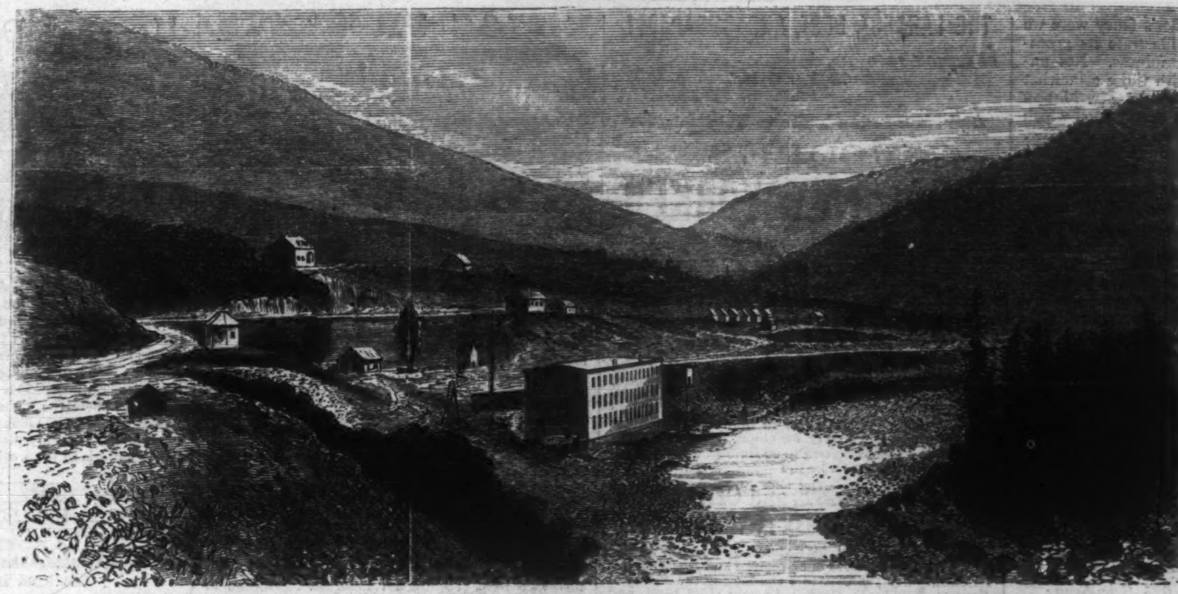
The drilling of the rock at the east end and west shaft is accomplished by means of the Burleigh air-drill, the motor being compressed air.

The most difficult part of the work has been at the west end in arching through the "demoralized" rock—one of the most laborious feats of engineering ever accomplished in this country, and at one time pronounced impossible by many engineers. Mr. FARREN commenced this part of the work in June, 1866, and has built 800 feet of arched tunnel, most of it through the "demoralized" rock, as it is called, which is disintegrated mica and talcose slate permeated with water, and of the consistency of molasses. Tunneling through such material was only accomplished by a thorough system of drainage *outside* the tunnel and at great expense.

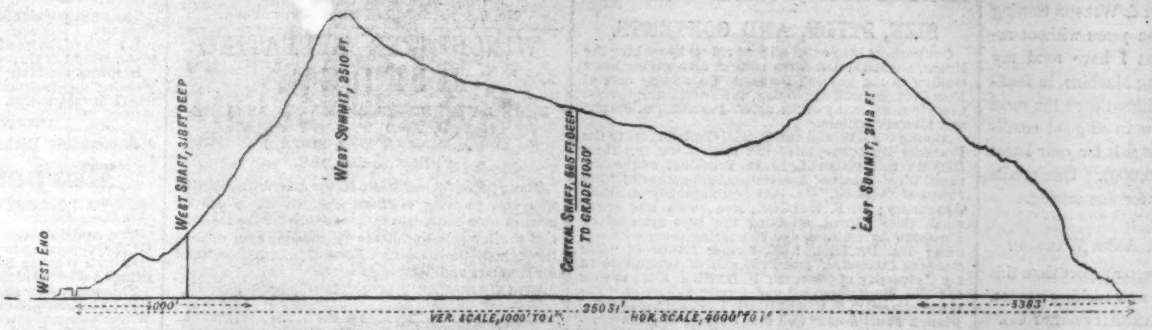
The arching has now reached permanent rock; but the tunnel will have to be lined with brick perhaps 1200 feet further into the mountain.

With money and *management* the tunnel could be readily completed in six years.

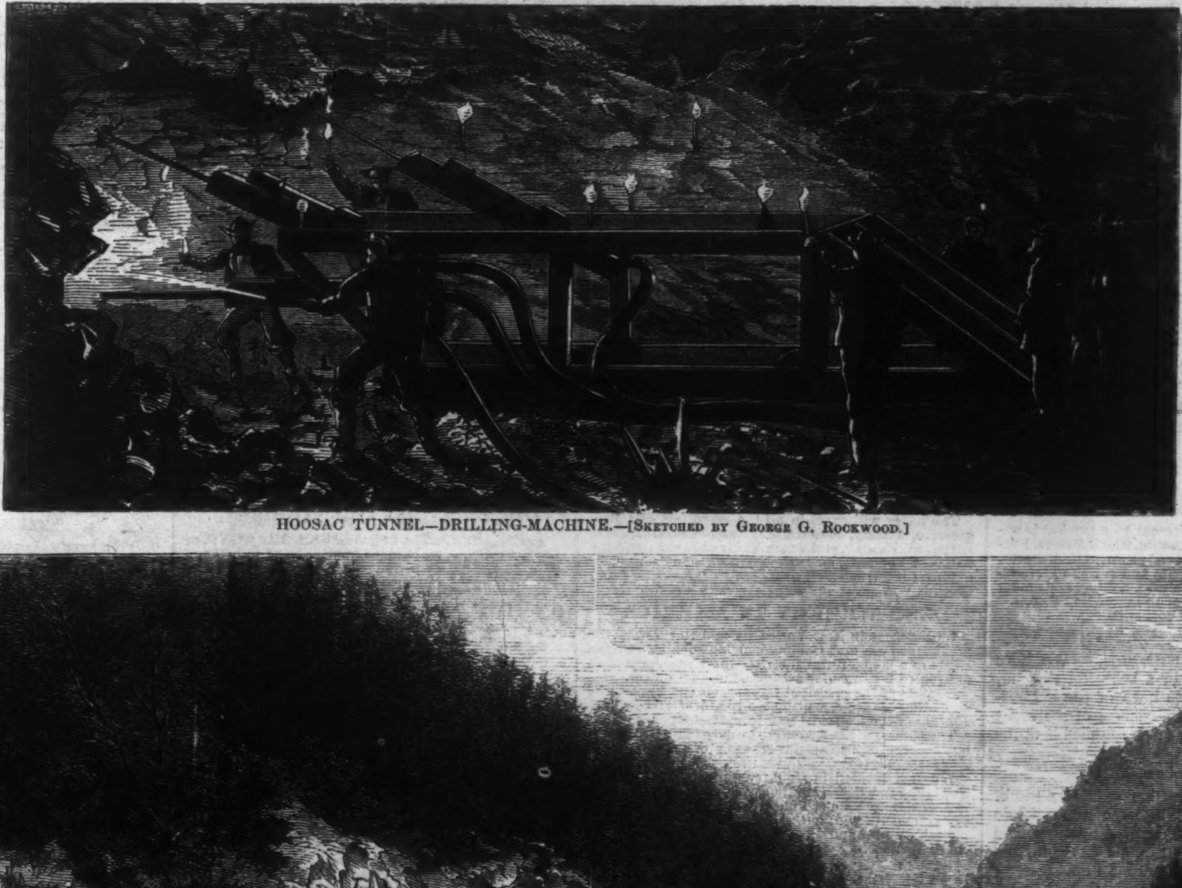
The profile gives an idea of the amount of work done and to be done, together with the height of mountain, etc.



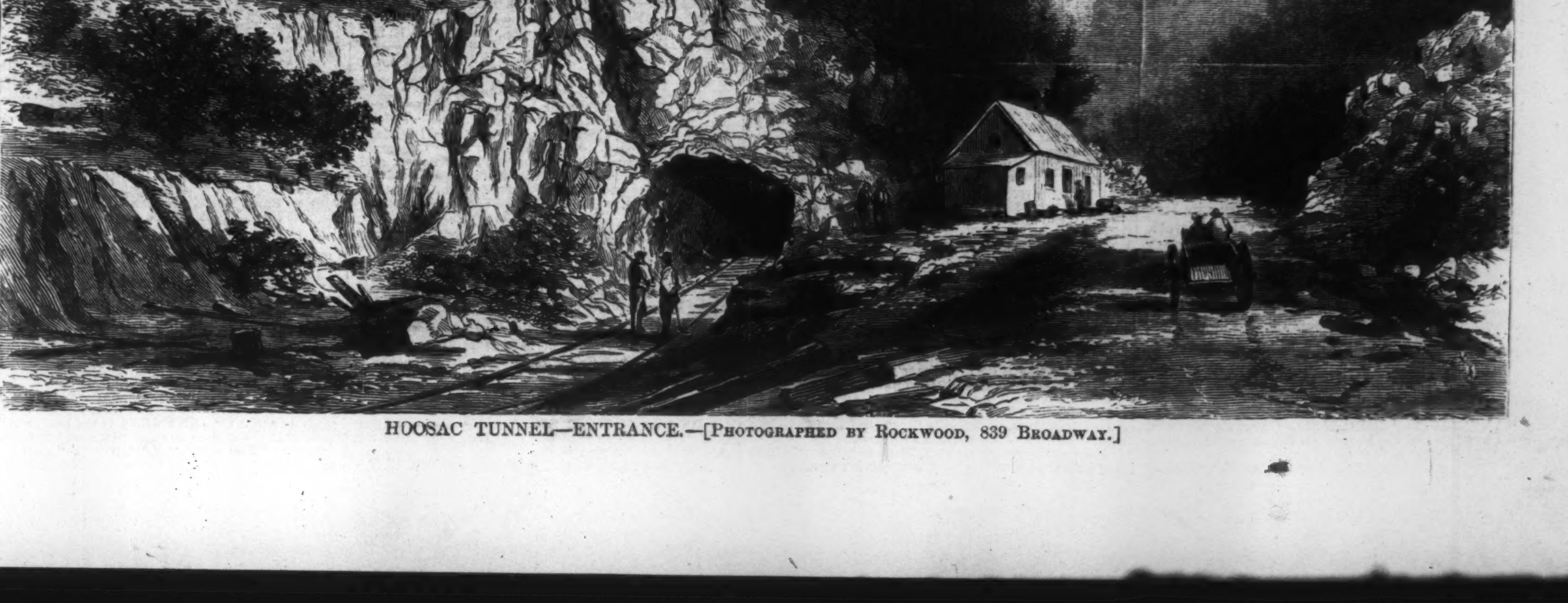
HOOSAC TUNNEL—AIR-COMPRESSING BUILDINGS AND MACHINE-SHOPS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]



PROFILE OF HOOSAC MOUNTAIN.



HOOSAC TUNNEL—DRILLING-MACHINE.—[SKETCHED BY GEORGE G. ROCKWOOD.]



HOOSAC TUNNEL—ENTRANCE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]

## HOLIDAY IN THE WOODS.

IF the picture by Mr. SMYTHE, of which, on page 777, we give an engraving from the original painting, retains a tithe of its charm in the medium of black and white, we should but fetter the reader's fancy were we to attempt with the pen to illustrate its graceful vivacity and natural truthfulness. Not unworthily may it be named with those somewhat similar idyllic subjects drawn by Mr. MASON from the sweet budding time of girlhood which are so deservedly admired. For, though Mr. SMYTHE does not, as is usually the case in the works of the artist we have named, here render an evening effect, with all its beautiful harmonies of subdued yet rich color and all its tender and pensive associations, he is not less faithful to another lovely phase of natural effect. Summer afternoon sunlight, barring with burning gold the cool shade of a country lane, trickling in tremulous twinkle through its overarching foliage, and as they traverse the checkered way, in playful peeps, with radiant pencil, tipping into sprightliest relief a group of pretty little village maids in attitudes of wayward fancy, has seldom been so felicitously expressed. Drawing, color, effect, touch, are alike admirable; and the dazzling yet tempered brilliancy of summer sunlight is in perfect keeping with the sparkling mirth and the lovelier dreamlight shed by youth on earth and sky.

## A CHALLENGE FROM A LADY.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20, 1868.

*Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson, 625 Broadway:*

GENTLEMEN,—Referring to the challenge of Mr. PRATT, whose WHEELER & WILSON Sewing Machine has been in use ten years without repairing, I beg to state that I have used my WHEELER & WILSON Sewing Machine, in family sewing, *fourteen years*, without even the most trifling repairs, and it is now in so good condition that I would not exchange it for your latest number (now upward of 350,000). One needle served me more than a year for fine sewing.

Can any one beat this?

Yours, truly, Mrs. ANNE WARNER.

Any one who can give a better report than this will be entitled to one of our new tucking gauges.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.

FROM A LONG-ESTABLISHED AND WELL-KNOWN HOUSE.—"We have sold BURNETT'S EXTRACTS (for cooking purposes) for several years, and believe them equal to any we have had hitherto, and find them gradually growing in the public favor." ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, Grocers. NEW YORK, *September* 8, 1868.

JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Sole Proprietors, 592 Broadway, New York; 27 Central Street, Boston.

These Extracts are for sale every where.

## FIT TO ADORN THE WHITE HOUSE.

MRS. GENERAL GRANT'S OPINION.—"It affords me great pleasure to bear witness to the excellence of the GROVER & BAKER FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. I have had one in my family for some two years, and from what I know of its workings, and from the testimony of many of my friends who use the same, I can hardly see how any thing could be more complete or give better satisfaction. The machine I have is one of the most elegant I have ever seen."—*Letter from Mrs. General Grant.*

A MOST suitable holiday present to a smoker is undoubtedly a Genuine Meerschaum, which Messrs. POLLAK & SON sell at manufacturers' prices, at their stores, 485 Broadway, near Broome St., and 27 John St. (middle of block), N.Y. Also repairing, boiling, and amber work done. Send for circular to Letter-Box 5846. Remember: No segar nor corner stores.

PRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS.—We have been made the recipient of a beautiful chromo, illustrative of WHITTIER'S lines of the "*Barefoot Boy.*" It is no less a success of the artist than the poem upon which it is founded is of the author.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A BUSY man is a locomotive, and life a track. Every night he drives into "the house," and stops. Every morning he is fired up anew and away he goes switching off in one direction, and then in another. In this routine of business he forgets that the physical organization is of the most delicate kind. If a hard iron locomotive needs constant care, and to be well oiled up and rubbed off every day, how much more necessary is it that all men and women should use PLANTATION BITTERS, which are the *ne-plus-ultra* of every thing which is necessary to keep the system in a perfect tone of health.—*Post.*

MAGNOLIA WATER.—Superior to the best imported German Cologne, and sold at half the price.

J. McGILL, Valparaiso, Chili, is taking subscriptions for "HARPER'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION," and all who desire this valuable work should send in their names without delay.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED from any part of the body in *five minutes, without injury to the skin*, by UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER. $1 25 by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 115 South Seventh St., Philadelphia.

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"RENEW!" "RENEW!"—HARPER'S WEEKLY, $4 00, and the PICTORIAL PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, $3 00, sent a year for $6 00 by
S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

## THE LARGEST, BEST, AND CHEAPEST!

*ELECTION IS OVER,*
*PEACE PREVAILS,*
*PROSPERITY ABOUNDS,*

**And Now is the Time to Subscribe for**

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THE RURAL NEW-YORKER has long been the Leading and Largest-Circulating Newspaper of its Class. It has constantly increased in Circulation, Influence, and Reputation—fairly acquiring, by Superior Ability and Enterprise, the first rank in its important sphere of Journalism. But in order to immensely augment its Usefulness and Power for Good, its Founder and Conductor has determined to so Enlarge and Improve the RURAL that it shall be the

### LARGEST, BEST, and CHEAPEST
### PAPER OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD!

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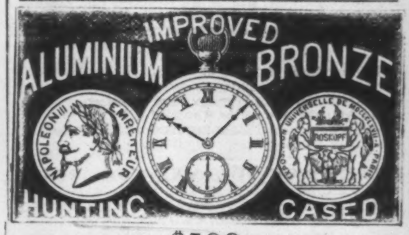

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